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{ FROM BEGINNING
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CONTENTS

I.	England, Germany, and the Peace of Europe. <i>By Max Waechter.</i>	
		FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW 643
II.	The Art of Alma-Tadema. <i>By John Collier.</i>	
		NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER 652
III.	Color-Blind. Chapter VII. <i>By Alice Perrin.</i> (To be continued).	
		TIMES 660
IV.	The Postage-Stamp and its History. <i>By Bertram T. K. Smith.</i>	
		QUARTERLY REVIEW 667
V.	The Next Revised Version. <i>By Canon M. G. Glazebrook.</i>	
		CONTEMPORARY REVIEW 680
VI.	Pawns in the Game. IV. <i>By J. L. Maffey, I. C. S.</i>	
	(To be concluded.)	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE 684
VII.	Mr. Bryan's Peace Proposal.	NATION 688
VIII.	A Political Novel.	SPECTATOR 691
IX.	Actresses and Coronets. <i>By Filson Young.</i>	SATURDAY REVIEW 694
X.	Getting Married. III. The Honeymoon. <i>By A. A. M.</i>	PUNCH 696
XI.	On Jargon and Journalese.	NATION 698
XII.	Management. <i>By J. D. Beresford.</i>	WESTMINSTER GAZETTE 701
	A PAGE OF VERSE.	
XIII.	An Old House.	PUNCH 642
XIV.	Whom the Gods Love. <i>By Eva Dobell.</i>	OUTLOOK 642
XV.	The Derelict. <i>By John Drinkwater.</i>	642
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS.	703



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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

AN OLD HOUSE.

Great Rome was raised on hill-tops
seven,
In pomp to all the winds of Heaven
Her brazen eagles flew;

I know an old house in a hollow,
Its white walls harled with good
Scots harling;
Here haunts at dawn the gossip
starling,
Here comes the first returning swallow
When skies are egg-shell blue.

Great Rome she walled eternal glory—
The fame that rang in camp and story
Still to her stones belongs;

The old house shadows—quaint and
fragrant—
A garden famed for stocks and
roses,
Where, when a summer evening
closes,
Old borders bloom, half-guessed and
vagrant,
Like echoes of old songs!

Great Rome she wardened miles of
marches;
From Afric's palms to Albion's larches
Her clamorous trumpets went;

Here are for its sedate controlling
But some few scores of sunny acres
Fruitful and fair, content as Quak-
ers,
Spanned in a Sunday morning's stroll-
ing
To the wood-dove's lament!

Great Rome, high-hilled, all roads
reached to her;
Her conquering sons who served and
knew her
In pomp returned again;

The old house dozes in its hollow,
Fulfilled of gentle ghosts and graces
Come back to haunt remembered
places,
As comes the first returning swallow,
In sunshine and in rain.

Punch.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE.

Time was I fretted lest the envious
years
Should steal away some dear
familiar grace
Of his strong youth; and that be-
loved face
Should change;—that all life brings of
smiles and tears,
The loss that deadens, and the sin
that sears
Should on his beauty set their dim-
ming trace;
The Future bring me, wheeling up
apace,
A stranger for my boy.—Thus ran my
fears.

Poor silly fears! How foolish they
look now!
Foolish as dreams in the cold light
of truth.
Change touched him not. Life stayed
to break no vow
Of promised joy. Grim Age that
knows no ruth
Spared his bright soul.—Death kissed
him on the brow
And dowered him with imperishable
youth.

Eva Dobell.

The Outlook.

THE DERELICT.

The cloudy peril of the seas,
The menace of midwinter days,
May break the scented boughs of
ease,
And lock the lips of praise,
And every sea its harbor knows,
And every winter wakes to Spring,
And every broken song the rose
Shall yet re-sing.

But comfortable love once spent
May not re-shape its broken trust,
Or find anew the old content,
Dishonored in the dust;
No port awaits those tattered sails,
No sun rides high above that gloom,
Unchronicled those half-told tales
Shall time entomb.

John Drinkwater.

ENGLAND, GERMANY AND THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

Peace is the greatest interest of all nations. The following pages have been written in the ardent desire to promote the peace of Europe. They may not be without interest because the views expressed therein are founded upon impressions obtained through long conversations which the author has had with the Sovereigns and leading statesmen of Europe.

It is astonishing that the Balkan question has been settled without that great European war which many statesmen predicted, and which most people considered unavoidable. The merit for the preservation of peace is principally due to the wise diplomatic action of the Powers, among which Great Britain played a leading part.

European diplomacy has been severely criticized in many quarters. We have been told that our diplomats are still guided by those unenlightened principles which prevailed centuries ago, and have not kept pace with the progress of civilization. It is asserted that, had they insisted at the proper time that Turkey should carry out in Macedonia the reforms which she had solemnly promised, this cruel and sanguinary war could have been avoided. It is further argued that they should have stopped the war at the outset, and that they should in any case have prevented the resumption of hostilities after the armistice and the ensuing seven weeks of negotiations. There is apparently some truth in these assertions. However, the people who talk so glibly, so loudly, and so contemptuously about the failure of modern diplomacy, evidently ignore the fact that the diplomats of Europe are constantly hampered by the present unfortunate political organization of Europe.

Holy Writ and experience tell us

that good may come out of evil. The Balkan War has taught us an invaluable lesson. It has thrown a glaring light upon the unsound and dangerous political organization of Europe. It has shown to all who have eyes to see that the defective structure of Europe has been the chief cause of many avoidable wars in the past, and that it may lead to many more preventable wars in the future. Let us then study the political organization of Europe, and let us endeavor to devise a remedy for its defects.

There are six Great Powers in Europe. They form two groups: the Triple Alliance, composed of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy; and the Triple Entente, composed of France, Russia, and Great Britain. These two groups have been created by feelings of mutual jealousy and distrust. They have been created for preventing a war of aggression, and for preserving what is called the *status quo* of Europe. In pursuit of this policy, the two groups of Powers watch one another with sleepless vigilance. As both are approximately equally strong, they hold, so to say, the balance to one another; they form what is called the balance of power in Europe.

People speak frequently of "the will of united Europe." Evidently Europe cannot have a single will as long as the States of Europe are divided by the balance of power into two armed camps which watch and oppose, and consequently hamper, one another. It is true that the Powers of the Triple Entente and of the Triple Alliance occasionally agree upon some joint measure. If they act in harmony, they form what is called the European Concert. However, as the two groups of Powers are divided in practically

all essential matters by feelings of jealousy and distrust, their harmony is more apparent than real. Their unity of action is, as a rule, restricted to the presentation of colorless and harmless diplomatic joint notes; that is, of notes which are not intended to be followed by combined action. In the course of thirty years the Concert of Powers presented periodically joint notes to Turkey pressing for reforms in Macedonia and elsewhere. However, Turkey took not the slightest notice, for as soon as the proposal was made to follow joint representation by combined action, unsurmountable dissensions appeared among the Great Powers, the European Concert broke down.

During the recent peace negotiations in London, the European Concert was represented by the ambassadors of the six Great Powers, who watched the progress of matters in the general interest of Europe. Many observers must have noticed, however, that their unity was artificial and was maintained with difficulty. Very frequently, when the opportunity for concerted action arose, the only agreement that could be reached was a negative one. And often it was not an easy task to arrive even at a negative result, although failure to hold the Powers together might have resulted in a European war. The difficulty of arriving at any agreement cannot be wondered at in view of the fact that whenever any action was proposed by one of the Powers other Powers objected, the interests of the Powers clashed, and the possibility of a deadlock and of the break-up of the Conference arose. Much ability, patience, and vigilance must have been displayed to achieve what has been achieved, and to prevent the conflagration of Europe. Without the assistance of the diplomats, the question of Albania and the difference between Bulgaria

and Roumania would very likely have led to a great European war. To some extent this result was facilitated by the peaceful disposition of all the Great Powers. None of them seemed willing to accept the responsibilities for the outbreak of a European war, with its inevitable horrors and its uncertain result.

The group system is probably the best system which, so far, has obtained in Europe. It constitutes a great advance upon the chaotic conditions which prevailed in the past, when European wars were far more numerous than they are now. The Triple Alliance and Triple Entente are almost evenly matched, and as each Power must, of course, consult its allies before resorting to action, the ambitious or aggressive dispositions on the part of any single power are checked by its allies. It is not unlikely that in this way the outbreak of war has been prevented on several occasions.

The present system has, nevertheless, most serious drawbacks. It is obvious that if two Powers of equal strength oppose one another, they neutralize one another. This is clearly shown by the negative results arrived at by the action of the Concert of Europe in the past. The present organization of Europe is apt to check combined action by the Powers. Thus, it tends to lower the prestige of Europe in the world; and States which are bent upon adventure are enabled to speculate upon Europe's division, to flout its will, and to involve other nations in war.

But this is not all. The system has produced a wild competition in armaments among the Powers. Each Power tries to outbid its competitors, and so to alter the balance of power to its own advantage. Of course, the opposing side follows suit, other Powers become alarmed and increase their

armaments, and thus the whole of Europe is converted into a gigantic military camp. How enormously costly the preservation of peace has become will be seen from the following figures, which have very kindly been supplied to me by the Admiralty and War Office:—

Military Expenditure of Europe.

Russia	£53,000,000
Germany	47,000,000
France	38,000,000
United Kingdom	28,000,000
Austria-Hungary	23,000,000
Italy	17,000,000
Other Powers	35,000,000

Total £241,000,000

Naval Expenditure of Europe.

United Kingdom	£45,000,000
Germany	23,000,000
France	18,000,000
Russia	18,000,000
Italy	9,000,000
Austria-Hungary	6,000,000
Other Powers	6,000,000

Total £125,000,000

From the foregoing table it appears that the States of Europe spend at present upon their armies and navies about £360,000,000 per year. Let us study the significance of this colossal sum. The Panama Canal will, when completed, cost approximately £80,000,000. It follows that Europe is spending every year on armaments more than four times the cost of the most gigantic and the most expensive engineering undertaking which the world has seen. At £15 per gross ton the value of the entire merchant marine of Great Britain, which comprises 10,000 ships of 19,000,000 tons gross, is £285,000,000, and the value of the merchant marine of the whole world, which comprises 40,000,000 tons gross, is £600,000,000. As the States of Europe spend on military and naval preparation £360,000,000 per year or £30,000,000 per month, it appears that they

spend every ten months a sum equal to the value of the gigantic merchant marine of Great Britain, and that they spend every twenty months a sum equal to the value of the entire merchant marine of the world. If the seas should disappear, one could easily build a first-class broad-gauge railway, with all the necessary bridges, tunnels, stations, sidings, rolling stock, &c., circling the whole earth, for £360,000,000, the sum which Europe spent last year upon armaments. Every year Europe expends on armaments far more than it does on education, sanitation, and social betterment combined, and this expenditure increases year by year at a constantly growing rate.

The foregoing comparisons give an idea of the enormous economic waste which is caused by the present condition of armed peace, but they do not tell the whole tale. The present organization of Europe leads not only to an enormous waste of money, but to an equally serious waste of human energy and labor. More than 4,000,000 able-bodied young men are constantly kept under arms in the European standing armies and navies, and about 1,000,000 workers are permanently engaged in manufacturing warships, weapons, gunpowder, military stores, &c. Thus more than 5,000,000 of the most efficient workers of Europe, who might be engaged in producing food, manufactures, &c., for the needs of the people, are withdrawn from economic production. The value lost to the nations of Europe by the withdrawal of 5,000,000 workers, and of more than 1,000,000 army horses, from economic activity, must amount to several hundred million pounds a year.

All Europe groans under the heavy taxation which these enormous armaments require. Owing to the costliness of the armies and navies, great

and very necessary public works of every kind cannot be undertaken for lack of funds, education and sanitation cannot be sufficiently improved; the old, the poor, the afflicted cannot adequately be provided for, and the industries cannot expand quickly enough to provide work at good wages to the rising generation. More than 1,000,000 people emigrate every year from Europe through economic pressure which is caused largely, if not chiefly, by the burden of armaments which weighs down the nations. Most of the ignorance, poverty, and misery which exist in Europe at the present day could probably be abolished, and the conditions of the people and the whole standard of life would be greatly improved, if the colossal funds which every year are applied to warlike preparations could be devoted to some better purpose.

As the United States, Argentina, and other extra-European countries are less heavily handicapped by the burdens of military and naval preparations than are the nations of Europe, they are rapidly coming to the front, and the agricultural and the manufacturing industries of Europe suffer severely through the competition of the new countries which are free from the terrible burden of armaments.

The nations of Europe are staggering under their colossal burden. The existence of these vast armies and navies constitutes an ever-present menace to the peace of the world. The nations of Europe are permanently kept under the apprehension of war, and the fear of war causes periodically great crises, which are equally disastrous to the capitalists and to the workers.

Between 1900 and 1912 Europe's expenditure upon armaments has grown by 50 per cent. Unfortunately, the Balkan War has led to a great acceleration in the armament race. Germany

proposes to spend an additional £100,000,000 during the next four or five years on her army, and the other Powers of Europe are preparing to follow suit. Europe's yearly expenditure for the maintenance of peace should soon exceed £500,000,000 a year. Therefore taxation is bound to increase very greatly throughout Europe, and still less public money will in future be available for public works of general utility, for education, and for other social purposes. The financial strain upon the nations may soon become intolerable. No one can foresee the end of it all, but it is to be feared that a crisis is at hand. Unless this mad increase of armaments be checked in time, the military and naval competition among the Powers must end in the impoverishment and bankruptcy of all Europe, or in the greatest war which the world has ever seen, or in a great revolution, for the masses may at last rise in despair in order to shake off their crushing burdens.

What can be done to prevent the calamities and the universal ruin which threaten to overtake all Europe before long?

Those people who suggest that the European armaments should be restricted by agreement among the Powers propose to deal only with a symptom, but not with the cause, of the evil. Now the root cause of the suicidal military and naval competition of Europe lies, as I have shown, in the fact that the Powers of Europe are divided against themselves. It follows that all attempts at restricting the armaments of Europe by general consent are bound to end in failure. Armaments can be restricted only if they become unnecessary, and they will become unnecessary only if Europe becomes united. We must therefore work for the unification of Europe in some form or other, and two questions suggest themselves: Is such unification

possible? If it be possible, how can it be brought about?

The rulers and statesmen of Europe are striving to promote the welfare of their nations. Peace and prosperity are the greatest blessings which they can secure for the people. The unification of Europe in some form or other would give Europe peace; and as such unification would make the vast and excessive existing armies and navies unnecessary, it would increase the work of the people and would make the masses prosperous and happy. The Balkan War has finally settled that problem which was most likely to endanger the peace of Europe. At present the political sky is clear and serene. Let the diplomats of Europe take advantage of the peaceful atmosphere which the conclusion of the Balkan War has created before the political sky becomes again overclouded.

The unification of Europe should take place on a federal basis, for federation is that form of political organization which, whilst uniting States in one single body, leaves to each State the fullest measure of liberty and enables it to deal with its own affairs in its own way. If we look around we find that a federation is possible among States which apparently were meant by nature to be disunited, which have a marked and strong individuality and a sturdy sense of independence, and which, in addition, possess different religions and speak different languages. Switzerland is a federation of twenty-five free States which are called Cantons. Each of these Cantons has a constitution, a government, and a parliament of its own, and has an individual history and tradition of which it is proud. Each Canton is a State in itself. Now the Swiss are divided not only by their political organization in twenty-five free States. They are divided by the fact that one-half of them are Protestants and one-half are

Roman Catholics. They are further divided by the fact that some of the Cantons are exclusively inhabited by German-speaking, some by French-speaking, and some by Italian-speaking, people. Nevertheless, Switzerland is for all practical purposes one single State, and it is a firmly-knit State. If it was possible to unite in a firm federation the assertively individualistic Swiss, notwithstanding their political, racial, and religious dissensions, it should not be impossible to federate the States of Europe.

There is no reason that Europe should continue divided against itself. It should be the ideal of the statesmen to create a great federation in Europe, to make Europe one State against the extra-European States. Since the time of the ancient City States, States have continually grown in extent. Australia has been the first Continent-State, and Europe should follow its example. Then war will become as unlikely in Europe as it is in Australia, and the nations will be able to reduce their armaments and to prosper free from fear of war.

Unlimited and ruinous competition is gradually being eliminated from business by co-operation and amalgamation. Co-operation and amalgamation, not ruinous competition among States, should be the watchword of the statesmen and diplomats of Europe.

The federation of Europe is possible and practicable. Its benefits to the nations will be incalculable. How then should this desired end be brought about?

The federation of Europe is, of course, impossible as long as very great differences exist between two of the leading nations. At present the differences are perhaps greatest and most serious between Great Britain and Germany, although the diplomatic relations between the two countries have of late materially improved. As it is

out of the question to bring about the federation of the European States as long as Great Britain and Germany are out of harmony, the first step towards the desired end would have to be a complete and final settlement between the two countries. When such a complete and final settlement has been achieved, when Germany and Great Britain are firmly united, these two Powers will form the nucleus of a European nation-combine which would gradually become extended. Austria-Hungary, France, Italy, Russia, would join the federation, and before long the federation of Europe would become an accomplished fact. I have outlined the constitution of such a federation in an article which appeared in the *Contemporary Review* in November, 1912.

As a complete Anglo-German settlement and understanding would be the fundamental condition of a federation of all the States of Europe, we must inquire whether such a settlement and understanding can be brought about. The reasons that they should be the best of friends are overwhelming.

Nature, history, and tradition have evidently meant Great Britain and Germany to be united. The British and the Germans are of the same race. They have sprung from the same stock. Their languages are very similar, and their views are almost identical in all the things that matter. Church and school are the two greatest influences in national life. They form the character of the people. It is significant that the same religious ideas prevail in Germany and in Great Britain. Both

countries have refused to accept a religion and a Church discipline at the bidding of an absolute Church domiciled in a foreign country. Both have fought for a national religion and for the democratization of the Church. Both have become strongholds of Protestantism. Great Britain and Germany have been equally strongly convinced that the people should be well educated. Hitherto the British have copied German education to a large extent, but now the British educational methods are being largely adopted in Germany. The British have made war upon many European nations, but they have never fought against the Germans. On the contrary, British and German soldiers have fought shoulder to shoulder in numerous battles during many decades down to the crowning Anglo-German victory of Waterloo. Lastly, the two countries are bound to one another by strong economic bonds. A glance at the official statistics published by the British and German Governments shows how closely English and German trade is interwoven, how indispensable one nation is to the other. From information with which the Board of Trade has very kindly supplied me, it appears that the whole foreign trade of the British Empire amounted in 1911 to £1,837,100,000. Of this sum £183,900,000, or exactly 10 per cent., was trade with Germany. The importance of the British markets to Germany will be seen from the following table with which I have been furnished by the British Board of Trade:

GERMANY'S TRADE WITH BRITISH EMPIRE IN 1911 ACCORDING TO GERMAN OFFICIAL RETURNS.

	<i>Special Imports into Germany.</i>	<i>Special Exports from Germany.</i>
From the United Kingdom ...	48,100,000=10.1	£56,000,000=14.1
From Colonies and Dominions	£39,800,000= 8.3	15,700,000= 3.9
Total British Empire ...	£87,900,000=18.4	£71,700,000=18.0

It will be noticed that no less than 18 per cent. of Germany's foreign trade is carried on with the British Empire.

It is a strange irony of fate that, in spite of all these unifying factors, the two nations should have arrived at such a state of mutual distrust, that only a short time ago a war between them seemed possible. Such a war would have been nothing short of a crime. It would have cost a hecatomb of lives. It would have ruined millions of families. It would have exhausted both nations to such an extent that their civilization would have been thrown back perhaps by a century. It might have weakened them so much that other nations could easily have destroyed their independence. Yet nothing could have been gained by either Power through such a war.

Many leading Germans assert that Germany requires large colonies because of the rapid increase of her population. It is quite true that Germany is becoming too small for her population, which increases every year by almost 900,000. But would the desired colonies not be too dearly bought at the price of Great Britain's enmity, of perhaps a hundred thousand lives, and of many hundreds of millions of pounds? As soon as Germany and Great

Britain become permanently united, as soon as Europe becomes federated, there will no longer be German colonies, French colonies, British colonies, &c., but only European colonies belonging to the Federated States of Europe. The colonies of every nation will be equally open to the citizens of every other country of Europe. The desire for national colonies would disappear. Germany would have all the elbow-room she requires.

Many Germans complain that Great Britain has always been unfriendly to Germany, that she has hampered that country in every way and has thwarted its desire for expansion oversea. These assertions are largely unfounded. England has saved Prussia from annihilation in the time of Frederick the Great and of Napoleon I. British diplomats may have erred now and then, but on the whole they have endeavored to live in peace and harmony with Germany. That is proved by the numerous Anglo-German treaties and conventions, most of which were entered upon on England's initiative with a view to abolishing all friction between the two countries. I herewith give a full list of these treaties and conventions, which has very courteously been furnished to me by the British Foreign Office:—

April, 1885	New Guinea.
April-June, 1885	Spheres of action in Africa.
April, 1886	Western Pacific, spheres of influence.
April, 1886	Western Pacific, reciprocal freedom of trade.
July-August, 1886	Gulf of Guinea, spheres of influence.
October-November, 1886	Zanzibar.
July, 1887	East Africa, spheres of influence.
July, 1890	Africa, Zanzibar.
October, 1892	East Equatorial Africa.
April, 1893	Rio del Rey.
May, 1893	Gulf of Guinea.
July, 1893	East African Boundary.
November, 1893	African Boundaries.
April, 1898	Wei-hai-wei.
November, 1898	Nyasa—Tanganyika Boundary.
November, 1899	Samoa, West Africa, Zanzibar.
January-April, 1900	Boundary between British and German territories at Jasin and bend of the Uмба River.

October, 1900	Policy in China.
February, 1901	Boundary between British and German spheres, between Lakes Nyasa and Tanganyika.
September, 1901	Gold Coast, Togoland Boundary.
December, 1902	Yola—Lake Chad Boundary.
February, 1904	" " " "
March-May, 1904	Western Pacific.
June, 1904	Gold Coast—Togoland Boundary.
March, 1906	Yola—Lake Chad Boundary.
January, 1909	Southern Boundary Walfisch Bay.
February-March, 1909	Boundaries in Africa, Gorege, Lake Chad and Uba, Malo Tiel.

In addition to the foregoing treaties and conventions, Great Britain has concluded an Arbitration Treaty with Germany in order to make a conflict between the two countries impossible.

The desire for friendly and cordial relations between Great Britain and Germany prevails not only in official circles in Great Britain, but throughout British society. This is evident from the fact that the intellectual leaders of Great Britain have always been warm admirers of Germany and the Germans. Carlyle, the author of *Heroes and Hero Worship*, was the greatest admirer of everything German. Looking out for a hero fit to be held up as a model to his countrymen, he wrote his magnificent history of Frederick the Great. From Carlyle to Lord Haldane, the translator of Schopenhauer, there is a long line of the most eminent Englishmen who have seen in Germany their intellectual fatherland and a second home. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. British admiration of Germany is clearly apparent in Great Britain's desire to shape its administration, its education, and its social legislation on Germany's model.

In the United Kingdom there exists no rooted prejudice against Germany. The number of those who dislike Germany is exceedingly small, and their dislike is caused by their distrust of the German Navy. Its rapid expansion has made necessary a correspond-

ing increase of the British Navy to safeguard the United Kingdom and its Colonies and possessions. It should be comparatively easy to wipe out any prejudices existing in England against Germany by full and frank discussion.

The idea which prevails in Germany that the expansion of Germany's trade has created jealousy and bitterness in England is erroneous. Competition is the soul of business. Germany's competition has been an invaluable stimulus to British trade. Besides, English merchants are not short-sighted enough to be jealous of Germany's prosperity. They know that they can do more business with a prosperous than with a poor and ruined Germany. The assertion that Great Britain, animated by trade jealousy, wishes to destroy the German Fleet is ridiculous.

In Germany the case is different. Antagonism against England is very widespread, principally amongst the masses; and it is so intense that during the recent Morocco crisis, the German populace would have enthusiastically welcomed a war with England without thought of the consequences. This may appear exaggerated, but the writer happened to be in Germany at the time and noticed the prevailing excitement with great concern. Happily the German Government did not allow itself to be carried away by popular passion, but the danger lies in this that at some other occasion the Government might be unable to withstand the war

clamor and be forced into war in order to save its existence.

The prejudice among the German masses against England has been artificially created. This is not the place to investigate the anti-British movement in Germany. We have to deal with the facts as we find them. Happily a large proportion of the cultured and business classes are friendly to the British nation.

It is evident that the prejudice against Great Britain which exists in Germany has to be removed before a cordial understanding with Germany is possible. As it might require generations, if things are left to time, to bring about a change, prompt steps should be taken to abolish this prejudice. This will not be an easy task, because the bulk of the population must be converted. What is wanted is a systematic propaganda throughout the German Empire, explaining to the people that their prejudice against Great Britain is due to a misunderstanding. The right-thinking men of both countries should join hands and take up this task without delay, otherwise both nations may drift towards a catastrophe.

Before endeavoring to arrive at a friendly understanding, or, better still, a close alliance, with Germany, we must consider our obligations towards Russia and France. Our duty is obvious. We must tell France and Russia frankly that Great Britain is working for a better understanding with Germany, with the object of bringing about a close alliance of all the European Powers. In the event of our succeeding, France and Russia would be invited to join the combination, and would participate in our success. In case we should fail nothing would be altered, and our *entente* with them would become all the firmer. As the leading Russians and Frenchmen are men of high intellect and strong com-

mon sense, and as the men at present in power are without exception sincerely in favor of a lasting peace, they should unhesitatingly give their assent to such a proposal. They would realize that our endeavors should lead to an improvement in the relations between England and Germany, from which their own countries also would benefit.

The leading men of France are of opinion that the question of Alsace-Lorraine would no longer block the way to an all-round friendly understanding. Hence France should be the first country to join the Anglo-German alliance. Her adhesion would make the Federation of Europe an immediate success. The new Triple Alliance for the promotion of peace, the Alliance of Germany, France, and England, would by itself be strong enough to reform the political organization of Europe. However, there is no doubt that all the other Powers are already predisposed in favor of such a Federation, and would gladly join the new alliance.

As long as the political organization of Europe remains unchanged, there can be no escape from the present race of armaments. Each Power is bound to join in it and must arm to its utmost capacity, unless it is willing to fall a prey to its neighbors. It would indeed be a criminal neglect on the part of the leading statesmen of any country not to provide to the fullest extent for defence, regardless of expenditure. But as soon as real unanimity and a cordial understanding have been established among the six Great Powers be it by way of federation or any other form of permanent unity, the whole political atmosphere would be changed. Excessive armaments would then become superfluous and would gradually decrease. War between the European nations would become impossible, and Europe could easily save in money and labor £500,000,000 or

more per year, to the great relief of the over-burdened citizens. This enormous amount is now practically wasted.

Industry and commerce in Europe, released from the constant fear of war, and freed from the present crushing taxation, would experience a marvelous development. The economic predominance of Europe, which she is about to lose if the race of armaments continues unchecked, would be assured, and her power and influence in the world would be re-established.

I have shown in the foregoing pages that the nations of Europe are being crushed by the burden of militarism, that militarism is perpetuated and increased by their divisions, and that armaments can be restricted only when the European nations become united. I have shown besides that the unity of Europe can be brought about only by the creation of a European federation, and that the first condition of such a federation lies in a close understanding, or, better still, in an alliance, between Great Britain and Germany. Such an Anglo-German understanding would be the foundation and the keystone of the Federation of Europe, and all men who love peace, and who have the welfare of the people truly at heart, should work for an Anglo-German understanding to the best of their ability. Therefore, I advocate that those who sympathize with my idea should come forward and found a league. Its primary object would

The Fortnightly Review.

be to improve the relations between the two countries by a campaign of enlightenment to such a degree as to make the Federation of Europe possible.

What is required is not merely to bring about a close Anglo-German understanding which will eventually lead to an Anglo-German Alliance. Much more is needed to bring about the Federation of Europe. A great propaganda in all countries of Europe must be set on foot. A gigantic effort must be made to convince the nations of the folly of the present armaments and of the necessity to reduce them. The eyes of the people must be opened to their danger. They must be shown that the only road to salvation lies in the Federation of Europe.

Everything must have a beginning. The present moment seems most auspicious. Therefore a beginning should be made without delay. A great united effort is required. Guided by these considerations the author of these pages appeals to all his readers for assistance. He has opened a temporary office of the European Federation League at 39 St. James's Street, Piccadilly, London, W. He invites all sympathizers with his idea to write to the honorary secretary, Sir Francis Tripel, at the address before mentioned. He will welcome the suggestions and the co-operation of all who desire to work with him for the Federation of Europe.

Max Waechter.

THE ART OF ALMA-TADEMA.

Tadema died last June in the fullness of his powers. He had been recognized for many years as one of the first of modern painters. His name has been honored wherever Art is cared for; his works have spread his

reputation over the civilized world. His had been almost the ideal career of the artist. A man absorbed in his work, highly gifted by Nature, his talent favored by fortune with early appreciation so that he could devote the

whole of a long and busy life to the carrying out of his artistic ideals.

And now we have an exhibition at the Royal Academy in which his life-work is not inadequately displayed—an exhibition of pictures of very remarkable quality containing most of the masterpieces of one of the most genuine and most accomplished painters of modern times.

Such a collection can never be seen again. Private owners and public galleries have yielded up their treasures, sometimes very reluctantly; pictures have come from all parts of the world, and once dispersed they can never be brought together again. What an opportunity for the art lover and for the student of art!

The art lover no doubt has been grateful, but the student of art as exemplified by the art critic apparently has not. This wonderful collection has been reviewed by many of the critics in a curiously grudging spirit. When they have praised, it has seemed against the grain; some have sneered; nearly all have failed in true appreciation.

I suppose it is natural that they should be puzzled. They are all so desperately afraid of being considered old-fashioned that they have rushed blindly into praise of all the newest movements, sometimes with alacrity, sometimes with evident reluctance and a pathetic clinging to shreds of sanity; but they dare not be left behind. Of late the pace has become so rapid that one can almost hear them panting. I have hopes that in the near future some of them will drop out exhausted, but at present they are keeping up bravely. The strain must be terrible. It is not so very long ago that they were giving a dubious welcome to impressionism—a sane enough movement in itself, but unfortunately giving an excuse for mere coarse and slovenly painting on the part of the weaker brethren.

Impressionism soon became commonplace, and had to be enlivened with vibrism and pointillism and luminism and other eccentric and inconvenient ways of putting on paint. In a short time these also became commonplace, and post-impressionism was invented. In its earlier exponents (who have now become old masters and are considered almost classic by their followers) there was some remnant of tradition; that is, their works bore some resemblance to ordinary painting—they were only extremely ugly and ill-drawn. Of course, these were soon left behind, and the movement advanced by a series of nightmares which looked like nothing in the world except the drawings and paintings executed in lunatic asylums, to which indeed they bore a striking resemblance. Here one imagined finality was reached; it seemed difficult to go further on these lines, and the panting critics came straggling up and prepared to take a well-earned rest. But not a bit of it; some brilliant genius invented futurism.

This really was a distinct advance in the direction of absolute nonsense. For some time the critics hung back; some of them are still recalcitrant, but even these will manage to see something in it before long—unless futurism is dead before they can come up to it.

But even here their labors are not at an end. I was taken in myself. I welcomed the futurist movement with joy, saying in my folly that now at least we had reached the limit. That as it is difficult to stand still and impossible to advance further in the way of nonsense, we might begin to work our way back to sanity.

But I reckoned without cubism. It is difficult to deny that this is still sillier than futurism; and yet the critics are so chastened by now and so exhausted by their mad career that they are preparing to swallow cubism with hardly a grimace. They are again be-

ginning to use the blessed formula that "there is something in it."

And suddenly these poor harassed creatures have sprung upon them a whole collection of sane, beautiful, and wholesome works, painted in such an old-fashioned way that flesh looks like flesh, draperies like draperies, marble like marble, and nothing looks like paint; in which human beings are pleasant to look upon and bear no resemblance whatever to criminal lunatics, and in which all details are so painted that there is no difficulty at all in finding out what they are meant for.

No wonder the poor critics did not know what to make of these pictures—and indeed it is a dilemma for them—unless art is pure anarchy; if there are any principles in it at all it is impossible to reconcile the art of Tadema with that of Matisse and Gauguin and Picasso.

The more wholesome-minded of the critics would probably like to plump for Tadema, and some of them do rather shamefacedly confess that his works give them pleasure—but then there is the dreadful accusation that these works are old-fashioned, and this is a cry that very few critics dare face.

It is a great pity that this question of old- and new-fashioned should ever be introduced into art. It only vulgarizes it and obscures the real issues.

Unlike science, art is not strictly speaking progressive. It is generally acknowledged that in many respects the old painters are still unequalled by the moderns. In some directions we have advanced. We have a **wider range** of subjects; we have a much greater feeling for out-of-door Nature, and we attempt problems of light and atmosphere which the old masters mostly left untouched. But in other things we have gone back. In comparison to theirs, our execution is clumsy and

messy; our sense of color is crude and undisciplined; and generally we seem comparatively ignorant of our *métier* and undecided as to our aims.

In this respect Tadema was undoubtedly old-fashioned. He was more like an old master than a modern artist, for he had complete command over his technique. He was an accomplished draughtsman, a very refined colorist; he had, what is rare in modern art, a thorough knowledge of perspective; the most difficult problems of architecture were child's play to him; his mastery over paint was such that he could render perfectly any texture, and so sound was his method that his pictures show no trace of the continual alterations that they underwent during their progress and look as fresh and as harmonious as when they were first painted.

And this leads me to speak of a very common misconception of Tadema's work. The finished pictures are so complete and so masterly, and show so little trace of weakness or hesitation, that people generally suppose that they were easily painted and by a sort of recipe. Nothing could be further from the truth. This apparent ease and mastery were the result of continual effort. Tadema was his own severest critic: every picture was a new problem and involved a desperate struggle with difficulties which a lesser man would have shirked.

He was never satisfied, and so he was always altering; every picture underwent continual changes, very often to the despair of his friends, for these changes were not always for the better, and it was in any case heartrending to see the ruthless way in which passages of great beauty, which had involved weeks of labor, were painted out merely because Tadema had got a new idea as to the composition of the picture.

As I have said, these alterations

were not always for the better; I have known individual pictures that have suffered from them—but the gain to Tadema's art was immense. This continual striving after perfection, this almost excessive self-criticism kept his art from that gradual weakening that overtakes so many painters after middle-life. They think that they have learnt their lesson and that the struggle is over. Tadema knew well that the struggle is never over. As he grew older he became more fastidious, until at last one feared that his pictures would never get finished. But his powers in many ways were greater than ever. One of his later pictures, the *Caracalla and Geta*, is the most astonishing *tour de force* that even he ever executed. It is not quite a success, as the subject was practically impossible; but that it was not a failure is almost a miracle. What a subject! The Coliseum seen from the royal box; the architecture of the vast building convincingly reconstructed; a fight with bears going on in the arena and a great section of the spectators, not blurred or generalized, but realized—thousands of them, all individual, all separate human beings—just as one would have seen them (if one had had decent eyesight), not mere masses and blobs of color, but people, real people, all living and all created by this magician with a mastery that of its kind has never been surpassed.

Of course to modern ideas of art it is pure wickedness that he should want to create them at all. Why not make blobs and blurs instead of human beings? I will return to this later; for the present I will merely say that he wanted to paint them as living beings, and it was only the mastery gained by a prolonged struggle with Nature that enabled him to do it. Even in this picture he was continually making alterations. One would have thought it had been task enough for any painter to

go steadily on filling the canvas with the marvellous detail that we find in every inch of it. But no; he had set his heart on a true reconstruction of the Coliseum. This is a very difficult task, and the most learned are at variance on many important points. Tadema saw reason to change his views several times during the progress of the picture, and each time he calmly sacrificed some of the most elaborate of his work and re-drew the architecture to suit his changed ideas.

Several critics mention with scorn (or it may be one and the same critic writing in different papers) the calculation that Tadema made as to the number of spectators that could be seen in that section of the building which appears in the picture. That an artist should worry about this sort of accuracy seemed to the reviewers silly, if it were not depraved. It is odd that they cannot understand the workings of this kind of artistic conscience. To Tadema it was a point of honor to reconstruct the Coliseum as well as it could be done. Hardly anyone would have known if he had got it wrong; but he would have known, and to him it was worth any trouble to get it right. He undertook a journey to Rome for this very purpose, and himself made elaborate measurements and calculations to check the various theories that he had found in books. Most artists will understand and appreciate this passionate pursuit of truth, even if the critics do not.

Tadema was essentially a realist. He painted scenes that no living eye has ever witnessed, but he tried to paint them as they really happened. He cannot have quite succeeded—no one could; but he never relaxed his efforts, and never salved his conscience with the cheap solace that, after all, nobody knew, and it did not matter. Tadema was a lover of Nature, and he tried to make his pictures true to life. As it

is now out of fashion to like pictures which resemble Nature, no wonder that the critics sneer at Tadema's conscientiousness. But he could not paint otherwise; it was in his Dutch blood.

And now I come to Tadema's aims and to his conception of art. As I have said, he was a realist, but a realist with a very strong decorative sense. The realist is apt to be deficient in the sense of beauty. A great deal of the life around us is ugly. There is a certain temptation to the artist to leave it at that, and to rely merely on the interest that all real life has to make his pictures acceptable. This is the kind of realism that the old Dutch masters, Tadema's artistic ancestors, practised with so much success. Nothing can be better as painting than the little pictures of everyday life produced by such men as Terburg and Vermeer. They are not ugly, for they have the charm of quiet and harmonious coloring besides their fine sense of atmosphere and their easy and natural composition; but they are certainly deficient in the sense of beauty, especially of human beauty. There is no charm in their figures; the costumes are often stiff and ungainly, the furniture and surroundings, although pleasing, can hardly be called highly decorative.

Now this was not enough for Tadema. His decorative sense was very strongly developed. He had a mania for collecting beautiful things—indeed, his house was full of them; beauty appealed to him intensely. But yet he was a realist. He wanted to paint real things—a fantastic world such as the one evoked in the later works of Turner was quite alien to his art.

How could these two tendencies be harmonized? There is little doubt that, on the whole, the world of the Greeks and Romans was less ugly than our own. It is very easy to exaggerate this difference; there must have been

a very squalid side to ancient life. Skies were not always blue, and men and women were not always young and well-favored; buildings were not always made of marble, and there were other things to be done besides love-making and basking in the sunshine even in the palmiest days of ancient Rome. There must have been whole quarters of the city filled with wretched hovels; there were the sick and the maimed, and the halt and the blind; there was a vast slave population, some of whom were petted and lived in clover; but many were half-starved and ill-treated. There were crime and misery, dirt and disease, as in every great town at the present day. The realist pure and simple would have been tempted to dwell on these things. Very interesting pictures might be made of the seamy side of Imperial Rome. Think of a crowd of Roman beggars huddled together in the mud and sleet of a winter evening outside the classical equivalent of the casual ward!

But Tadema's overpowering love of beauty forbade this conception of ancient life. An artist is not bound to be impartial—even a realist may pick his scenes; and that there were many more opportunities for decorative treatment in ancient than in modern life can hardly be doubted. Taste was certainly better. Rome must have been comparatively free from the monstrosities of architecture, ornament, and dress which disgrace our civilization; and, of course, the climate then as now afforded plenty of sunshine and of blue sky to brighten up the everyday life of the citizens.

It is easy to look away from the seamy side and to see a bustling, happy crowd of well-fed, well-grown, tastefully dressed people enjoying life in a beautiful climate, amid noble architecture and decorative surroundings.

And this is what Tadema saw. This gave him the material for which his soul craved and in which his art luxuriated. He had a bright, sunny nature, full of the *joie de vivre*, with exquisite taste and a great love of beauty. He had, too, the imagination which can recreate dead scenes. But it was the realistic imagination. He would paint nothing that was not possible. He had no visions, no illusions; his pictures must represent life—not the life of to-day, but a life just as real, only more beautiful.

This is why Tadema painted classical scenes—surely an ample justification.

Of course, his art had its limitations—to me it is not quite human enough. He dwelt a little too much on the superficial decorative side of ancient life. Every now and then he gave us pathos, even tragedy, as in *The Death of the Firstborn*, or tragi-comedy as in *Ava Caesar*, or charity and compassion, as in the delightful picture of *The Women of Amphissa*. But these deeper notes are all too rare; he could touch them if he liked, and with great power—I wish he had touched them oftener. He was mostly content with his well-favored youths and maidens flirting rather than love-making in the happy sunshine. After all, an artist must choose his own subjects. These were what he loved to paint, and no one has ever painted them so well. His dislike of tragedy is curiously exemplified in the picture of *The Roses of Heliogabalus*. The story is that the jest was so cruel that the guests were actually smothered. Tadema could not bear to think of this; he persuaded himself that it could only have been an innocent practical joke, and rather a pretty one, so he makes his smiling maidens welcome the harmless shower. Here, again, we must not quarrel with his point of view: he might have made a stronger picture, he could hardly

have made a more beautiful one.

His sense of beauty undoubtedly developed and matured, and with it his power of expression. His quite early work is hard; the details are admirable, but the people are often commonplace, and the coloring is not always pleasant. It was after he came to England that his feeling for human beauty seems to have developed. The types grow more and more pleasing, but quite in his later years they sometimes degenerate into mere prettiness. Indeed, this is the only sign of failing that appears in his art. The smaller pictures of the last two or three years of his life have too purely decorative an aim. I confess that throughout his work I am not quite satisfied with the majority of his types. They are good-looking and pleasant and wholesome, but they are sometimes a little uninteresting. Now and then he gives us very fine heads, as noticeably in *The Women of Amphissa* and in *The Reading from Homer*; but they are often a little vapid. They are never vulgar and they are never morbid, but they might have a little more character.

I now come to the more technical side of Tadema's art. I have discussed his aims; what were his methods of carrying them out?

His technique was undoubtedly founded on that of the old Dutch masters, and he could have adopted no sounder one. His chief tuition was derived from Baron Leys—a mediævalist with a very hard, precise manner. Some of Tadema's early pictures are painted in this style, but he soon broke away from it, and without losing precision acquired the freedom and subtlety which distinguish in an increasing degree his later work. There is a kind of movement in critical circles now which decries "representation" in art. If this means anything, it means that objects should be painted to look like something different from

what they are. This theory has obviously a great advantage for bad painters. No bad painter has ever yet succeeded in representing Nature as it really looks. The worse the painter the more certain he is of not representing Nature even if he tries. However, I will not pursue the controversy beyond pointing out that this theory never seems to have occurred to the old masters.

Certainly Tadema never thought of painting Nature except as truly and as accurately as he could. If he could get real things to work from, such as draperies, marbles, ornaments, etc., he always made use of them and painted them carefully and lovingly straight from life. He always used models even for the tiny figures in the background. He endeavored, as far as he could, to get in his studio the light and shade which he represented in his pictures. But obviously there were strict limits to this practice. His pictures represent a great deal that cannot possibly be seen in modern times. Many of them are out-of-doors, in brilliant sunshine—a state of things very difficult to reproduce in a London studio. And he never shirked a difficulty, never modified a subject because the material to his hand was insufficient. Here his vast knowledge came to his aid; he knew how white buildings looked against a blue sky, he carried in his memory the warm reflections caused by sunlight, the play of light and shade in Southern gardens, the shimmer of an Italian atmosphere—he knew it all by heart, the result of unceasing observation and of the concentration of an acute intellect on artistic problems.

Perspective was at his finger-ends; he could play with the details of classical architecture, inventing buildings which were obviously right but for which he had no absolute precedent. He was so familiar with the essential

elements of classical costume that he could get a richness and a variety into his draperies that must be the despair of all his imitators. No one was more glad to copy Nature when Nature gave him what he wanted; no one was more able to dispense with material objects when his work demanded it.

And this leads me to discuss his real knowledge of classical antiquity. He has often been regarded as a sort of dry archæologist—a scientific student who put into paint the result of his scholastic researches.

This view is quite mistaken. His knowledge of antiquity was singularly wide and rich; his mind was stored with curious and out-of-the-way details of Roman life, but it was not, strictly speaking, a scientific knowledge. He could make bad mistakes at times, such as introducing sunflowers into a Roman garden—a flower of which the Romans were certainly ignorant. But he never erred wilfully. His aim was to give a true picture of certain selected phases of ancient life; and it was his wealth of detail that enabled him to make them so human and so living, and so far removed from the dry pedantry of archæological research.

I must now face this question of detail. Tadema has often been blamed for putting in too much of it, and for painting it too carefully. Many critics say that detail should be suggested, not painted, and in any case should be strictly subordinated to the main scheme of the picture: some of them state this as a sort of axiom. If they would think a little they would realize that some of the finest painters in the world have habitually disregarded this pretended axiom. Indeed, one may say that all painters previous to Raphael delighted in detail, and painted it as well and as precisely as they knew how. And after Raphael all the Dutch painters, with the ex-

ception perhaps of Rembrandt and his followers, painted detail with precisely the same loving care that they bestowed upon their figures. Even Rembrandt if he had a detail to paint did it well and carefully—witness the ruffs on some of his old ladies, which are marvels of patient finish, and the jewels with which he often bedecked his sitters. The real difference from the pre-Raphaelite painters is the introduction of pronounced chiaroscuro; where there are masses of shade it is quite legitimate to lose detail, but in full light, where everything is plainly seen, the old masters habitually painted detail with the utmost care.

Tadema, by predilection, nearly always chose light schemes. Most of his pictures are as full of light as those of the Italian pre-Raphaelites, but with the difference that they are full of atmosphere also, and that the lighting is true to nature and not a mere pictorial convention. At any rate, in his light pictures there is no excuse for the blurring of accessories; and where the detail is so beautiful, to my mind it would be a thousand pities to blur it. Again, it is said that a picture must be focussed. If we are looking at one object we cannot see anything else quite plainly. Therefore it is inferred that the principal part of a picture should be definite and all the rest indefinite. It is forgotten that in looking at a scene in Nature our eyes are continually roaming about and focusing every part of it. So that the general impression that we have of the scene is of a number of clearly defined objects. A picture in which many objects obstinately remain blurred in spite of our directing our attention to them must obviously be untrue to Nature. (Of course, I assume that the painter wishes to be true to Nature. On the theory of the wickedness of representation all such arguments fall to the ground.) I do not wish to spoil

my case by over-statement. I think that where a painter wishes to force his public to look at one part of a picture almost to the exclusion of every other—as often in portraits—it is legitimate to blur and lose the background. But in depicting a scene all of which is supposed to have some interest, as in Tadema's pictures, I am convinced that his method is the right one. After all, human beings are more interesting than still-life, and if the figures in a picture are as well painted as their surroundings they will maintain their legitimate supremacy. If they are not as well painted, it is fatal, but the remedy is not to paint the background worse but the figures better. In Tadema's case, as the figures are admirably painted, they always hold their own.

It is interesting to see how Tadema's love of light and sunshine seems to have grown on him, possibly as a reaction from the climate of London. His early works are grey, and even gloomy at times; it is only gradually that he acquires his extraordinary mastery over effects of sunshine. I sometimes regret that he yielded himself up to them so entirely. There is a sombre dignity in *The Death of the Firstborn* of which I should have liked to have seen further examples, and a certain rich chiaroscuro in the large *Picture Gallery* which makes some of the later pictures look a little flimsy. *The Picture Gallery* and its companion *The Sculpture Gallery* are very fine examples of the close of Tadema's early period. The problems involved in them are not so difficult as those of his later work, but there is a strength and a virility in them which he did not always maintain. For one thing they are on a large scale, and wonderful as his little pictures are I feel that he sometimes painted them smaller than was advisable, merely as a *tour de force*. That an old man should have

kept such eyesight is miraculous, but I think he played unnecessarily with his minuteness of vision. Indeed, in some of his pictures a magnifying-glass is necessary even to the keen-sighted in order to appreciate the full delicacy of his work. It is very difficult for a painter to change suddenly from one scale to another, so I think that in later years Tadema was not at his ease in lifesized work. This probably accounts for the fact that the portraits are often not quite satisfactory. Some are admirable, such as the portrait of his daughter Anna, and in a less degree the one of Dr. Epps; but others are somewhat woolly in texture, and not very happy in arrangement. All have character and originality of treatment, but they show that Tadema was not a born portrait-painter—at any rate, they do not quite reach the high level of his other work.

It is not my intention to review the Exhibition—I have only endeavored to explain Tadema's aims and achieve-

The Nineteenth Century and After.

ments to a public which a certain section of the critics seems determined to mislead.

The Exhibition is not quite as representative as it might have been; there are some important works which are sadly missed, although the opening of a new room has lately diminished their number, and there are some pictures, though very few, which might with advantage have been left out. But, on the whole, it gives an adequate representation of the lifework of one of the most gifted artists of modern times, a man who devoted his life to the unswerving pursuit of his artistic ideals, and who, to the day of his death, was still a student, still absorbed in artistic problems—and this is the painter whom so many of the critics are striving to belittle. His fame will survive their attacks, and when I recall the pictures that they admire I think I am glad that they have not praised my dead friend.

John Collier.

COLOR-BLIND.

BY ALICE PERRIN.

CHAPTER VII.

Clive Somerton idled in the veranda of his bachelor bungalow, awaiting the arrival of his friends the Fleetwoods. He looked forward to their visit—life at Rotah was monotonous despite the privileges of his appointment, and a pleasant break was welcome in the daily routine of schooling the young Rajah in ethics of sport, and pastimes, and general behavior. Only in the evenings, when the Zenana claimed the youth's company, was Somerton supposed to be free to commingle with the few other English officials of the State, most of whom were at the present time in camp.

He stood there, in the shade of the veranda, dressed in grey flannels, easy

of figure and bearing, his hands in his pockets, his eyes narrowed between their black lashes gazing into the dusty glare outside.

To the right of his bungalow, some quarter of a mile away, stood the royal dwelling, half palace, half fort, the more modern portion gleaming white, a medley of pillars and porticos and elaborate carvings, doors and lattices, crowded together without purpose or design, huddled against the ancient citadel of Rotah's ancestors. The old fort, built of massive masonry, rose in gloomy pile behind it, mellowed and defaced by time and the assaults of enemies in bygone, turbulent days—crumbling on the surface but solid as ever beneath. Here were to be found

narrow passages and courtyards, out of which led countless little rooms, windowless, untenanted save by reptiles, bats, insects; underground chambers, vaults, sinister places of darkness and decay. Within the high walls that enclosed the grounds of the fort and palace were the bungalows occupied by Mr. Maitland and Captain Somerton; also accommodation for servants and guards, for priests, friends and relations, with all their parasites as well.

There was noise and movement on every side. At this moment a clumsy hooded vehicle rolled by, a species of "four-poster" on wheels, jingling noisy bells, hung with crimson curtains and yellow fringe; large red and gold tassels swung from the ornamental trappings of the pair of white bullocks that drew the conveyance—beautiful specimens of the northern trotting breed. As it passed, a lean brown hand, like a little claw, crept out and parted the curtains ever so narrowly, and Somerton caught a glimpse of a small figure within—a female figure wrapped in a white shawl. He knew it for that of Rotah's mother-in-law, the little Rani's widowed parent who was generally to blame for any trouble that might arise in the Zenana—who was distrusted and detested by the Rajah's English guardians because she gave her son-in-law bad advice, and endeavored to influence him in the wrong direction through the Rani, his wife. She was undisguisedly obstructive, and determined to spoil her little grandson, sole heir at present to his young father's possessions.

"Old viper!" muttered Somerton. Then he speculated as to what could be her object in taking the air just at this time, when the whole Zenana was aware that English visitors were expected—when Mrs. Fleetwood and her daughters would assuredly be conducted to the women's quarters to ex-

change civilities with the Rani and her ladies, to see the baby boy, and pretend to eat sweetmeats and sickly cakes. Surely, it was rather strange that the old lady should absent herself when such an excitement was afoot? She must be intent on some important mischief; but time alone could disclose what, if it ever transpired at all.

The bullock carriage rumbled and jingled and fluttered on its way, but before it passed quite into the distance Captain Somerton saw it swerve to one side, for an open barouche and pair of bay horses swept past it, dangerously close. The native driver, in his haughty position of coachman to a sahib of high estate, dashed contemptuously near the wheels of the despised vehicle—but the sahib himself returned the salaam of the attendant on the box seat of the humbler conveyance, and shouted an angry rebuke to his coachman for driving so recklessly, and for appropriating the whole of the road in such a manner.

Then the barouche drew up at the steps of Captain Somerton's veranda—Mr. and Mrs. Fleetwood and Fay, their youngest daughter, seated within it.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Somerton to himself with inward amusement—"the flapper, the friend of Akbar!" He had not expected her, and felt surprised that her sisters were not of the party, but he was conscious of pleasure at sight of her face and thought how sweet the child looked as she stood up to follow her parents from the carriage. There was a fragile grace about her young figure that pleased his rather austere fancy, her slender neck was so fair and delicate rising from the low muslin collar of her blouse, her grey-blue eyes were innocently serious with a touch of aloof independence in their gaze, the defensiveness of youth; and her hair fluffed in such a soft cloud beneath the frill of her hat—a flapping, baby headdress

edged with lace, having a touch of something blue amid its white folds and gathers.

She walked in sedately, behind her father and mother, and a little smile of pleased interest parted her lips as she noticed the heads and horns and skins, and the shelves full of books, that seemed chiefly to furnish the sitting-room. Mrs. Fleetwood sat down and with placid deliberation unwound the gauze veil tied over her hat to protect it from the dust. She said as she did so: "The girls asked me to give you all sorts of messages, Captain Somerton. They were so sorry not to come, but they both felt they wanted a rest, we have marched very hard lately, and I really think they were rather worn out with entertaining a man who has been staying with us—a globe trotter."

The Commissioner gave a grunt of unmistakable disgust.

"Oh! John dear, he meant very well, poor man! However, he got fever and thought he had better go back to England, so we dropped him at the railway station on our way here."

"Don't talk about him," said her husband, and began an inspection tour of the sporting trophies on the walls and floor. Each had a history that enthralled Fay to hear, and she followed, listening in silence to their host's reminiscences. . . . That was the head of a bull buffalo, the terror of a district, that had charged viciously from behind a clump of bushes, like an express engine, and fallen literally at Captain Somerton's feet shot between the eyes—That beautiful cold weather tiger-skin had belonged to a full-grown fellow he met face to face quite unexpectedly on a forest path. . . . The leopard by the window was a man-eater in his lifetime—diabolically cunning. He had killed seventeen people, to Somerton's knowledge, before he was cornered in a rice field

and killed. The two men agreed that once a leopard took to man-eating he was infinitely worse than any tiger. This one, for example, had gone into villages and dragged its victims from their beds, but finding that the people often followed with sticks and stones, and disturbing noises, so that the prey had sometimes to be dropped, it took to first crunching the head of the sleeper so that the senseless body could be borne off in silence, unresisting. . . . Then there were heads and horns of deer and antelope, boars' tushes, a rhinoceros horn, a hoard of tigers' teeth and claws and "luck bones"—no novelty to the Fleetwoods, for the Commissioner had also made such a collection during all his service, and his wife and girls possessed various ornaments of claws and bones set in silver or gold.

"All my best heads and skins are at home," Somerton told them. "These are only what I've shot since I came out last time. Leave seems more difficult to get out here every year. The worst of this billet is that there is so little sport round about—good small game shooting, of course, in the cold weather, and a few black buck, but nothing more exciting. Rotah doesn't really care for shooting, worse luck, though I've no doubt he'd delight in a big drive such as his forbears used to go in for—every animal in the jungle tearing past platforms in the trees, as if a great fire was behind them, and pot shots taken at everything."

Fay said suddenly: "Where do you keep your things at home—in England?" She felt a strong curiosity to know something about Captain Somerton's people. Was his mother alive?—had he any sisters?—and where did they live? Her mother and Marlon and Isabel were always saying it was so rude to ask questions, but surely there could be no harm in a "feeler" such as this, and perhaps it might

draw forth all she wished to hear.

"I send them to my brother," he said, rather absently, for he was examining a glass eye that seemed loose in a tiger's head, "he's married, you see, and lives in our old home in Gloucestershire. That's a picture of the house, just behind you."

Fay turned to the enlarged photograph of a fine old country house of the West-country type, with pointed gables, tiled roof, deep mullioned windows, and a terrace with a stone balustrade and urns placed at intervals, filled with plants, stretches of lawn with cypress trees, and tall elms beyond.

"I suppose your brother is taking care of your things till you want them for a home of your own?" said Mrs. Fleetwood with motherly interest.

He answered her with a careless laugh. "Oh! I don't suppose I shall ever settle down. I can always make my headquarters there," he looked towards the picture, "when I'm in England, and they give me as much shooting and hunting and fishing as I want—but it would be a different thing altogether, I expect, if I were married. My sister-in-law isn't particularly devoted to her own sex!"

"Has she any children?"

"No, it's a pity, especially as the money is nearly all hers."

"Then does the place come to you eventually, if there are no children?"

Who was asking questions now! Fay thought with malicious triumph.

"I suppose so—and with precious little to keep it going. But my brother's a comparatively young man, I'm glad to say—and I shall probably die long before he does—killed by an elephant, or a tiger, or a fall down a precipice, or something equally abrupt!"

Mrs. Fleetwood stifled a sigh. What a pity Marion had not taken the fancy of this nice young man—well-bred, good-looking, bound to rise in his pro-

fession, having prospects, too, though, of course, remote. . . . But Marion would only have said, as usual, that she couldn't live in India, silly girl, and Captain Somerton was not the kind of man to be contented at home without money, even had he not belonged to the Indian Army, which bound him more or less to India.

Her reflections were scattered by the sight of the tea-tray, brought in by a neat table-servant in spotless garments. They ate good bread and butter (Mrs. Fleetwood noting with approval that the butter was excellent—most unusual in a bachelor's establishment), and there were light sponge cakes, squares of chocolate toffy, and some wonderful sweetmeats of cocoa-nut which Fay consumed, much to the relief of her host, who knew how eagerly the cook desired to please his master's guests. The old servant had been for years with Somerton—an anxious, aged person in a white petticoat, who could turn out a capital dinner of four or five courses from a hole in the ground and three bricks, however far removed from civilization, and would follow his sahib without complaint through jungle and forest, to Himalayan heights and desert land, accepting such incomprehensible tastes and habits with philosophic devotion.

When tea was over they all drove in the Fleetwood's carriage to see the Palace. The distance was insignificant, but to arrive on foot would not have been quite in keeping with a visit that was semi-official. The young Rajah, very simply dressed in white, received them in a long room that seemed lined with looking-glasses and oleographs in gay frames, and hung with crystal chandeliers. A full-sized billiard table stood at one end, and a large crimson velvet divan of English manufacture at the other. A magnificent Turkey carpet covered the floor and there were a few gilt chairs upholstered in colored

brocades. Rotah's predecessor had taken particular pride in this room and in the curious collection of objects it contained in addition to the furniture—musical boxes of all sizes, gramophones mechanical toys and contrivances. The former Rajah had been famous among his compeers as a being of remarkable taste—had he not actually caused little watches encircled with diamonds to be set in the toes of his best English patent leather shoes!

At first all these marvels had astonished and fascinated the new heir—indeed he still considered them very wonderful, though familiarity had by this time tempered his respect. He also greatly admired the decorations and furniture of this room and the suite adjoining it, though it would never have occurred to him to live in them himself. He occupied special quarters in the old fort, where he felt natural and at ease; poky little chambers with bolsters and pillows piled on the floors, and silver drinking vessels and hookahs lying about. Now, when in company, he smoked cigarettes, but he infinitely preferred the bubbling native pipe and its acrid flavor. He had lived too long in purely Eastern fashion, youth though he yet was, to adapt himself very readily to English surroundings and habits in his home.

His pleasure at seeing Mrs. Fleetwood and her youngest daughter was undisguised and spontaneous—of Mr. Fleetwood he was obviously rather in awe—and he smiled, showing his beautiful teeth, flashing his great brown eyes, bending over their hands as he uttered his welcome in English that was vastly improved though still halting. . . . He was much gratified to learn that Louisa, the white Persian cat, was in good health; he was naïvely eager to display one of his most cherished possessions—a bird that piped in a gilt cage when wound up, moving its wings and tail and

opening its yellow beak; he turned on the big gramophone, which bellowed out a deafening sea-song in the voice of a famous bass opera-singer; and he showed the ladies all the various European treasures acquired by his kinsman the late Rajah, among them being a penny-in-the-slot machine.

"When I go to England," Rotah informed his visitors, "I bring back with me many much more new things. And I bring also a motor bicycle, and a life-belt, and a—a—a bull-dog," this last with real effort, for curiously enough among natives of India there is a natural inclination to pronounce bull-dog as "gul-dank," just as champagne is universally called "simpkin."

"Oh! no, Rajah-sahib, not a bull-dog—bring out a nice black pug!" adjured Fay, who ardently desired one herself.

"A pug?" said the Rajah with interest, "what is a pug?"

"A sort of dog," Captain Somerton told him, laughing, "and let me tell you in time that it is an animal no self-respecting sportsman would be seen with in public!"

Rotah laughed too, without understanding, then observing that Fay evidently was not amused he hastened to entreat that he might at once procure a pug for her from England if they were not to be bought in India. Mrs. Fleetwood interposed and said, "Certainly not," very kindly but firmly. They had far too many dogs already, and would be obliged, as it was, to leave them all behind when they went home.

"But I shall take Louisa and Akbar," said Fay rather truculently.

This was hardly the time or place to argue such a question, so Mrs. Fleetwood wisely ignored it and suggested instead that she and her daughter should visit the ladies of the Zenana, if convenient to every one.

"It gets dark so early now," she

said, "and if you and Captain Somerton are going to take my husband over the stables while we visit the Rani, there isn't any too much time."

So Fay and Mrs. Fleetwood were conducted by the Rajah to the threshold of the women's apartments, where he handed them over to a group of female attendants, arranging to meet them again in the reception room when the tour of the stables should be over.

Fay had been into Zenanas before, and Mrs. Fleetwood was well used to such interiors. They were both familiar with the sickly perfumes and the half light, and the airless, heavy atmosphere, the whisperings and tinklings and swish of clothing, and the excited faces that clustered from every corner.

The little Rani herself rose from a pile of rugs and richly embroidered cushions heaped on an inlaid bedstead. She must have been rather younger than Fay, but her small round face was dull and expressionless, her skin was pitted with small-pox, her solemn eyes, their lids painted with kohl, looked immense—out of all proportion to the size of her button nose and pouting little mouth. The parting of her glistening black hair was stained red, as were also the tips of her fingers and toes and the palms of her hands. A gauze veil embroidered with gold threads framed her face and enveloped her plump body.

Two clumsy English chairs with cane seats were produced for the visitors, and a swarm of women gathered around them, staring and listening and making remarks, as well as frequently taking part in the conversation. There were several children too, odd, pulpy little creatures, silent and apathetic, loaded with silver ornaments, bangles and anklets, necklaces and charms.

Mrs. Fleetwood conversed cordially with the Rani according to Zenana etiquette. Fay permitted the women and girls to examine the blue enamelled watch that had been a birthday present from her father—it was passed from one to the other amid a chorus of interested admiration. A tray of sweetmeats was handed to the guests and inquiries were made as to whether Fay were married or not—the answer causing a moment's silence of puzzled disapproval. Then Mrs. Fleetwood asked for the baby, and was surprised and concerned to see two large tears gather in the little mother's eyes and roll, unhindered, down her cheeks. The elder woman leaned forward kindly and touched the small hand, hardly bigger than a child's, that rested, quivering now, in the Rani's lap.

"What is the matter, my daughter?" she inquired in her colloquial Hindustani, which, after all, was the speech best understood of the Princess, who had been raised, so to speak, from the gutter.

The Rani glanced round—a nervous, hurried glance, and an old woman in the background volunteered the information that the Mummoo-bibi had not yet returned. "But," she added significantly, in a croaking voice, "she may be here at any minute."

Mrs. Fleetwood realized that here was some Zenana intrigue or disagreement—that the Rani was not happy, that something was wrong. She looked directly at the old woman who had spoken, and demanded to be informed who the Mummoo-bibi might be.

"She is the mother of her Highness the Maharani of Rotah, and the grandmother of the little Prince whose teeth be troubling his health," the crone stated boldly.

The Rani's tears increased and dropped on to her pretty draperies with sharp little taps. She caught at

the Englishwoman's arm. "Lady—come and see the child. Have we not all heard of thy skill in sickness, of the magic healing of thy hand! For these three days hath the babba been ailing through trouble in his gums, and the spells and charms and remedies of my mother, the bibi, avail not, though she also be deeply learned in such matters."

"But, Rani—there is the English doctor. Why not ask the Rajah, thy husband, to let him see the little one?—though I will come now, willingly, as well."

There was a movement of hesitation among the concourse of females, beginning with the Rani herself. "The Mummoo-bibi," she admitted, "does not credit the English doctor-sahib with knowledge; and but now hath she gone to procure a remedy from a wise man in the city who is said to have power that is miraculous. Yet do I fear—oh! memsahib, come and see my little boy before she returns—maybe thy hand is more healing than the magic of our people. Quick, let us go at once before she is here. Her anger is so swift—she would not permit that we summoned the foreign doctor-sahib. She told us it was but simple indisposition, and that he would only bewitch the babba—and the English Government would uphold him so that we should have no redress—"

She waved aside the officious swarm of attendants and uncurled herself from her perch. Mrs. Fleetwood stood up and looked at her daughter. For aught she could tell the baby might be suffering from some complaint that was infectious. She had no wish to run risks; if she went to see the child Fay had better not accompany her.

"Fay," she said, "stay here till I come back. I don't suppose I shall be long."

The Times.

Fay nodded. She was content to remain where she was, being rather amused by the tricks of a performing bird that one of the women had brought forward—a little parroquet that drew a tiny carriage, and turned somersaults, and made a salaam.

But presently she tired of the performance—repetition does not bore the Oriental as it does the Western mind—and her enamelled watch told her that her mother had been absent for nearly ten minutes already. She began to feel oppressed by the stifling atmosphere, to long for a breath of fresh air. Politely she requested that she might be allowed to repair to the garden or the balcony to await her parent's return, and a dozen eager guides conducted her to a door that opened into a square courtyard where zinnias and asters and everlasting flowers were growing in company with highly-scented herbs—dry, sacred plants, pungent of odor. High walls shut out the air, though the sun blazed down, converting the enclosure into a veritable oven. Fay turned back in haste, followed by her companions, preferring the dimness and comparative cool of the place she had left. She looked about her, and espied another door. Perhaps this led to more airy regions. She approached it, and a clamor of protest arose from the throng—that was the door used by the Rajah himself when he wished to eat the air, but none of the women ever passed through it from within, for it led into the public gaze. If the young lady crossed that threshold none of them might accompany her!

This appeared to Fay rather an advantage than otherwise. She hastened towards the door, and with conciliating assurances that she would return to bid them farewell when her mother should summon her, she passed out into the sunny air that was stirred with a faint, fleeting breeze.

(To be continued)

THE POSTAGE-STAMP AND ITS HISTORY.*

"Who invented the postage stamp?" If we use the words in their wider sense, as including stamped envelopes, wrappers and the like, the answer is that the first postage stamp of which we have any record was issued in Paris in 1653. In July of that year Louis XIV issued letters patent giving to the Comte de Nogent and the Sieur de Villayer, Masters of Requests, a forty years' monopoly for the establishment, "in our good city of Paris" and other cities, of a local post. The way in which this post was to be worked was indicated in some detail, and one of the conditions prescribed the setting up of "a good number of boxes" in different places in the various quarters of the town; from these boxes the letters were to be collected at least twice a day and brought to a central shop or office in the Cour du Palais for distribution. The post began working in the following month; and a printed "Instruction" to the public stated that every communication transmitted by it was to have a *billet*, costing one *sol* and inscribed *Port payé*, fastened to, wrapped round, or slipped inside it, so that the postal official might see it and remove it easily. We are therefore in the presence of the

introduction of three postal reforms, which combined to make the use of postage stamps not merely desirable but necessary. The first reform was the compulsory prepayment of correspondence, instituted on the grounds of economy of time ("otherwise the messengers who deliver letters at houses will be obliged to wait for payment of the postage"), of justice ("as letters usually concern the sender's own business rather than that of other people, it is fairer for the sender than the addressee to pay the postage"), and of uniformity ("since some letters must be prepaid out of consideration for the recipient, as when citizens write to their workpeople to have news of their tasks," etc.). The other reforms were a uniform charge for postage, irrespective of distance, and the establishment of the pillar-boxes, which Loret, in his contemporary rhyming-chronicle, described as

"De boîtes nombreuses & druës
Aux petites & grandes ruës,
On, par soy-mesme ou son laquais,
On pourra porter des paquets,
Et dedans à toute heure mettre
Avis, Billet, Missive, ou Lettre . . .
A des Neveux, à des Couzins,
Qui ne seront pas trop volzins,
A des gendres, à des Beaux-frères,
A des Nonains, à des Comères,
A Jean, Martin, Gullmain, Lucas,
A des Clercs, à des Avocats,
A des Marchands à des Marchandes,
A des Galands, à des Galandes,
A des amis, à des agens:
Bref, à toutes sortes de gens."

No specimens of the *billets de port payé* of 1653 have rewarded the diligent searches of the curious; and probably all were destroyed when the postal clerks detached them from the letters. Pellisson,¹ however, made use

* Paul Pellisson-Fontanier. The quotations are from what are said to be his *ms. notes* on the margin of the copy of his letter to Mlle. Scudery ("Quarterly Review," vol. 64, p. 553).

*1. "Catalogue des timbres-poste creés dans les divers états du globe." [By Alfred Potiquet.] Paris: Lacroix, 1862.

2. "A Hand-Catalogue of Postage Stamps." By John Edward Cray, Ph.D., F.R.S. of the British Museum. London: Hardwicke, 1862.

3. "Histoire de la poste aux lettres et du timbre-poste." Par Arthur de Rothschild. Fifth Edition. Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1880.

4. "The Postage and Telegraph Stamps of Great Britain." By Frederick A. Philbrick and William A. S. Westoby. London: Sampson Low, 1881.

5. "The Origin of Postage Stamps." By Pearson Hill. Second edition. London: Morrison, 1888.

6. "Catalogue officiel de la Société française de Timbrologie: Timbres-Poste et Télégraphie. Troisième édition." Paris: Bernichon, 1906.

7. "Catalogue of the Philatelic Library of the Earl of Crawford, K.T." By E. D. Bacon. London: The Philatelic Literature Society, 1911.

And other works.

of the *petite poste*, and tells us that Villayer's "printed notes were marked with a special device of his own and the words 'Port payé le . . . jour de . . . L'an mil six cens cinquante, etc.'" The day and month being filled in by the sender, "after that you had only to twist this note round the one you wrote to your friend and have them thrown together into the box."

How long the *petite poste* lasted we do not know, but its life was a short one; and Pellisson wrote that "the memory of M. de Vélayer's boxes will probably be forgotten in a few years." The story goes that "the population cast such unlucky influences on them that no letter reached its address; and on the opening of these boxes the only thing to be found was mice that malicious people had put there"; and Belloc² adds the particular instance of "a poor devil of a harpsichord teacher, named Coutel, [who] wishing to give a concert, put all his letters of invitation into the *petite poste*, for he, too, had no *laquais*; not one arrived. Mice thrown in by some evil-disposed persons had eaten all." Probably Nogent was a mere figurehead, as his name occurs only in the letters patent; and there is little doubt that the invention of the postage stamp must be ascribed to the academician, Jean-Jacques Renouard, Sieur and afterwards Comte de Villayer. Indeed, we learn from Saint-Simon that Villayer was "a fellow full of singular inventions, and had plenty of cleverness." He was also the inventor of "those flying chairs that move by means of counterweights up and down between two walls to the floor required, simply by the weight of the person who sits therein"—in other words, of the modern lift.

The first mention of the adhesive

postage stamp is to be found in Sir Rowland Hill's evidence given before the Commissioners of Post Office Inquiry on February 13, 1837. A point was raised as to the inconvenience of employing envelopes in certain cases; and the witness suggested that "perhaps this difficulty might be obviated by using a bit of paper just large enough to bear the stamp [impression], and covered at the back with a glutinous wash, which the bringer might, by the application of a little moisture, attach to the back of the letter, so as to avoid the necessity for re-directing it." Sir Rowland may or may not have been the first to conceive the idea of the adhesive postage stamp—certainly he never made the claim for himself; but, all evidence of earlier publication having failed, the credit of the invention remains with him. The only other claims that demand a moment's examination are those put forward in a stream of pamphlets issued from twenty to thirty years ago by the late Mr. Patrick Chalmers on behalf of his deceased father, James Chalmers, a bookseller of Dundee. These pamphlets were not only circulated in Great Britain, but were also translated and spread throughout the world, with results that may still be traced in English and foreign works of reference. The Chalmers' pretensions, advanced with an excess of filial zeal, were not only examined and condemned by the late Judge Philbrick, K.C., with the unanimous concurrence of the Royal Philatelic Society, but were finally disposed of in a pamphlet, "The Origin of Postage Stamps," issued by Sir Rowland's son, the late Mr. Pearson Hill, of the General Post Office, in 1888. The fact that James Chalmers himself, writing in 1839 to Sir Rowland Hill, claimed priority "in the suggestion of slips [adhesive stamps]," having "first made it public and submitted it in a communication to Mr.

² "Les Poste françaises," by Alexis Belloc, p. 92 (Paris, 1886).

Wallace, M.P.," and in another document gave the precise date of this communication, (viz. November 1837), is sufficient to destroy the Chalmers' theory at its foundation; but it may be added that, in a later letter (May 18, 1840) to Sir Rowland, James Chalmers himself fully and candidly acknowledged that he had been deceived in his belief that he "was *first* in the field" as regards his "claim for the 'postage adhesive stamp.'"

Although uniform penny postage came into operation on January 10, 1840, the Lords of the Treasury, so late as the end of December 1839, had got no further than deciding in principle on the issue of stamped covers, stamped envelopes, and "adhesive stamps, or stamps on small pieces of paper with a glutinous wash on the back, which may be attached to letters either before or after they are written." The provision of these stamps, of which a million a day would be required, was a novel problem, of which they left the solution nominally to the Inland Revenue in conjunction with the Postmaster-General, but in reality to Sir Rowland Hill, assisted by Sir Henry Cole and advised by Sir Francis Baring. If Rowland Hill was the inventor of the adhesive postage stamp, the credit of giving a practical form to crude ideas rests with Joshua Bacon, the bank-note engraver and printer of Fleet Street, whose firm worked the process of its original founder, Jacob Perkins, a native of Boston, U.S.A. This process was based upon his discovery of a method of softening steel, which enabled him to engrave upon it with the greatest facility, and then of hardening it again, and a method by which engraving might be transferred from steel to steel, thus multiplying the plates to be printed from, so that in fact the number of perfect impressions which could be obtained was practically with-

out limit. His designs for the postage stamp were ultimately accepted by the Treasury. A drawing by Henry Corbould of the obverse of Wyon's medal struck in commemoration of the Queen's visit to the Guildhall on November 9, 1837, was taken as a model for the portrait. The engraving was entrusted to Charles Heath; but it is said that, as he feared his eyesight was not good enough for such fine work, he handed it over to his son Frederick. On May 1, 1840, the penny stamp, printed in black, was issued to the public (it came into actual use on May 6), and was soon followed by a similar stamp of 2d. in blue.

While so much trouble was spent over the adhesive stamps, Sir Rowland Hill and the authorities in general seem to have been under the impression that their use would be more or less limited in comparison with that of the "covers and envelopes"; and to the design and production of these they devoted their first and more particular attention. The President of the Royal Academy and several of his colleagues were consulted as to the choice of a design; but the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Francis Baring, took the matter into his own hands by sending to William Mulready, who in a day or two produced what Sir Henry Cole calls "the highly poetic design which was afterwards adopted." It was engraved on brass by John Thompson, whose "most difficult and laborious work"—still preserved at South Kensington—took him several months. Mulready's design was a complicated and ingenious one, by no means devoid of artistic merit; but, though the artist himself drew up an explanatory memorandum to be submitted by Sir Francis Baring to the Queen, the public was left to make its own interpretation of his work. We may however, in default of this unpublished memorandum, describe the design as consist-

ing of a figure of Britannia seated on a rock, with a lion at her feet. She is shown despatching winged messengers to the four quarters of the globe, while the figures on each side of her are emblematic of commerce and communication with all parts of the world. To the right are American Indians negotiating with missionaries, and a planter superintending negroes who are packing casks of sugar; to the left is a group of Chinese, Arabs with laden camels, East Indians on elephants, directing the embarkation of merchandise, and an Oriental merchant dictating a letter to his cross-legged clerk. In the background are sailing-vessels and a Laplander in a sleigh drawn by a reindeer. On one side in the foreground is a youth reading a letter to his mother; on the other side is a group eagerly pressing to see the welcome letter.

The "Times" and its correspondents denounced the design as "ludicrous" and the envelope itself as "a complete piece of Whig jobbery"; while the "Morning Chronicle" and the "Globe," on the part of the Government, very naturally found it "a beautiful piece of art" which "could not fail to have an effect on the national taste," and considered that "the excellent and eminent artists employed" had "found room for very expressive and graceful groups within extremely small compass." The public, however, soon made up its mind against the Mulready envelopes and covers; not only were these more expensive—costing a farthing over the face-value, while the adhesive stamps were sold at the price inscribed on them—but "the very look of the first postage stamps carried conviction to the mind of the public that their use was convenient and safe, and they rose in public estimation as rapidly as the Mulready covers declined."

"Those odd-looking envelope things.

Where Britannia (who seems to be crucified) flings

To her right and her left funny people with wings

Amongst Elephants, Quakers, and Catabaw Kings,"

as the writer of the "Ingoldsby Legends" called them, raised the ridicule of the non-ministerial press and brought forth a flood of pictorial caricatures, including some from the pencils of "Phiz," John Doyle and John Leech. We learn from Leech's biographer that the feat which brought him into general notice was a successful caricature of what is known as the Mulready envelope; and it may be added that an unpublished caricature by Thackeray has also been preserved. In less than a week after the stamps came into use, Rowland Hill writes in his diary,

"I fear we shall be obliged to substitute some other stamp for that designed by Mulready, which is abused and ridiculed on all sides. . . . The conduct of the public, however, shows that, although our attempt to diffuse a taste for fine art may have been imprudent, such diffusion is very much wanted."

His fellow-laborer, Sir Henry Cole, on the other hand, wrote, after forty years' additional experience, that he agreed in the soundness of the public opinion expressed:

"The postage cover was for a dry commercial use, in which sentiment has no part. The merchant who wishes to prepay his letter rejects anything that disturbs his attention. I now think that anything, even a mere meaningless ornamental design, would have been out of place. The baldest simplicity only was necessary. Had an allegorical fresco for any public building been required to symbolize the introduction of the universal penny postage, nothing would have been better than Mulready's design, and I still hope to see it perpetuated in some fine work of art where it would not be impertinent."

When it became evident that the Mulready envelope had failed to secure the approval of the public, Sir Francis Baring and Sir Rowland Hill occupied themselves in devising some other kind of envelope to take its place; and in January 1841 plain envelopes were issued, impressed with an embossed stamp bearing a profile of the Queen, engraved by William Wyon, and adapted, like the profile on the adhesive stamps, from his City medal of 1837. This design remained in use throughout the Queen's reign. With this issue the "Mulready" envelopes fell entirely into disuse, and were withheld from circulation. Nearly all the vast stock of these was subsequently destroyed; and we are told in the "Life of Sir Rowland Hill" that a machine had to be constructed for the purpose, the attempt to do the work by fire in close stoves (fear of robbery forbade the use of open ones) having absolutely failed.

The dies of the penny and twopenny stamps remained in use for nearly forty years. Apart from trifling modifications in the engraving, the only events in their history were the change in color of the penny stamp from black to red in 1841, and the introduction of perforation in 1854. The red impression was adopted because it was thought desirable to employ a colored ink destructible in character; the aim, in Rowland Hill's words, "being to render the obliteration so much more tenacious than the postage stamp that any attempt at removing the former must involve the destruction of the latter." The credit of proposing the adoption of perforation is due to Henry Archer, an Irishman, whose first machine for this purpose was made in 1847; but he himself was "totally ignorant of practical mechanics in general," and it took seven years to produce a machine that could be definitely brought into use. When, in 1852, the

Government settled Archer's claims by paying him 4000*l.* for his expenses and patent rights, he had to disburse about 2000*l.* amongst the several mechanicians who had aided him; but it was really the practical assistance of Edwin Hill, the Controller of the Stamping Department at Somerset House, who gave the final shape and perfect arrangement of parts to the machines, that made the regular issue of perforated stamps a possibility.

In 1880 a notable change was made in the penny stamp. The Perkins-Bacon contract for the supply of this and other values having expired, a new contract was made with the rival firm of De La Rue and Co., who, since 1855, had been manufacturing stamps of the higher denominations to the satisfaction of the authorities. The latter firm made use, not of the line-engraving process but of ordinary typography, or, to be exact, a refined method of typography known as surface-printing. This method had in the first place the great advantage of economy, as steam-presses could be employed, whereas the line-engraved stamps were printed by hand-presses; and, secondly, a thinner coat of ink being left on the paper, the impression was more destructible and the obliteration consequently less susceptible of removal. The change of process, with the consequent loss of the richness of impression of the old line-engraved stamps, must, we suppose, be regarded as at that time inevitable; but the design itself of the new stamp, which was merely a crude imitation of the old one, marked the beginning of a continuous artistic decadence. This was further noticeable in the penny stamp issued in the following year, in which the inscription was changed from "Postage" to "Postage and Inland Revenue," while the traditional red color was abandoned for a washy lilac, officially designated "purple."

Owing to the combined use of the penny stamp for postal and fiscal purposes, and its consequent obliteration by pen-and-ink as well as by postmark, it was deemed necessary to adopt an impression in doubly-fugitive ink; that is, ink so sensitive that even if the stamp is cancelled by ordinary writing-ink only, it is impossible to remove the mark without injuring the appearance of the stamp. For doubly-fugitive inks there are only two colors available—the lilac in question and an equally washy green; and these colors were employed for the whole series of “unified (i.e. postage and revenue) stamps issued in 1884. It was soon found that a set of nine values, in which the denominations printed in one color were hardly distinguishable from the others of the same color, was a source of trouble to the Post Office itself; and in 1887 the difficulty was solved by the issue of another series, in which, while the doubly-fugitive inks were retained for the whole or part of the impression of each value, the changes were rung either by the use of a colored paper or by printing in two colors, one ordinary and one doubly-fugitive. No alteration, however, was made in the penny stamp, either in 1884 or 1887; and it remained in use until the introduction of the Edwardian series in 1902. In this series most of the values remained as in 1887, save for the change in the portrait; but the $\frac{1}{2}d.$, $1d.$, $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ and $6d.$ stamps were of a new type, showing the King's profile surrounded with a wreath of oak and laurel leaves. Here the authorities, while retaining the protective colors of green and purple for the $\frac{1}{2}d.$ and $6d.$ stamps respectively, were compelled to abandon them in the case of the penny and $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, for which the red and the blue prescribed by the Postal Union regulations were adopted. The Edwardian penny stamp was by no means a work

of art, though the profile of the King was not without merit; but of the $\frac{1}{2}d.$ and penny stamps of King George nothing good has been said, save by the Postmaster-General himself. In spite of a certain amount of tinkering, the effigy of His Majesty remains, at the time of writing, as much like a decapitated head as at first, and, surrounded by a mass of irrelevant ornament, represents the absurd combination of a photograph and a frame that have no relation to each other.

We have just spoken of the abandonment of the protective coloring of the penny stamp; but this coloring by no means represents the whole of the defensive measures employed by the authorities in the case of this or other values. At various times the paper has been guarded by watermarks, silk threads in the texture, prussiate of potash introduced into the pulp, and by a coating popularly known as “chalk surface”; while the design of the stamp has been protected by different sorts of combinations of lettering in the angles, by the introduction of plate-numbers and by the then useless insertion of date plugs. All these have been tried, and, with the exception of the watermarking, wholly given up. But while we are well aware of the immense pains taken throughout the history of the British postage stamp to perfect it as an instrument of public utility, we think that the labor has been largely vitiated in later years by the official assumption that economy of production and the protection of the revenue are the only objects to be seriously aimed at. We would ask our readers to consider what the public buildings of a metropolis would be if they were constructed with the sole view of rendering them thief and bomb-proof at the lowest possible cost. If it is objected that a monumental building and a scrap of paper can hardly be compared, it must also be

remembered that these little engraved vignettes are multiplied by millions, nay, thousands of millions, and penetrate, often as the only known emblems of Great Britain, to the remotest corners of civilization.

In 1888 the Report of the Select Committee on the Inland Revenue Department established the fact that there was no valid reason why the Post Office should not manufacture its own stamps, instead of getting them from the Inland Revenue Department, which contracts for their supply and makes the Post Office pay the bill—an arrangement inherited from the old Commissioners of Stamps and Taxes, the only body which in the year 1839 was supposed to know what a stamp was; but it was not until 1911 that parliamentary sanction was obtained for the transfer to the Post Office of the direct control of and responsibility for the issue of postage stamps. In France, Germany and the United States, not to mention other Great Powers, the manufacture of postage stamps has gradually been transferred from the hands of contractors to those of the State itself; and the practice of the British administration appears to be tending in the same direction, with the possible ultimate result of the establishment of State Printing Works in this country also. However this may be, it is to be hoped that the new freedom of the Post Office may, sooner or later, bring about the production of something better than our present postal labels. From an artistic point of view a reversion to the old line-engraved method is much to be desired. That its abandonment thirty years ago was probably inevitable, we have already admitted; but the question of economy in this respect is no longer predominant, since line-engraved stamps may now be printed by power-aided presses. The question of safety still remains to be consid-

ered, and we do not underestimate its importance; but the abandonment of the doubly-fugitive lilac color in the case of the penny stamp would seem to show that the authorities themselves regard the possibility of the fraudulent removal of pen-cancellations from large quantities of stamps of the lesser denominations as a danger more or less remote in a country not "inhabited by a clever population with a low standard of comfort." In any case, supposing that the present method of production is retained, there is not the slightest reason why the design itself should not be of high artistic merit; the beautiful first issues of the French Republic and Greece, with their classical profiles of Ceres and of Mercury, remain to show what can be done by typography in the hands of skilled artists and craftsmen.

The first country to follow the example of Great Britain in issuing adhesive postage stamps was Switzerland, where the Cantons of Zurich and Geneva each issued stamps in 1843, and the Canton of Basel in 1845. Brazil issued its "bull's-eye" stamps in the middle of 1843, and was followed by the United States and Mauritius in 1847, and by France, Belgium and Bavaria in 1849. During the same decade stamped envelopes were issued by Finland (1845), Russia (1848) and Hanover (1849); but it should be mentioned that so long ago as 1838—two years before the "Mulready" appeared—the Sydney Post Office had already issued stamped covers at 1s. 3d. per dozen for transmitting letters within the limits of that city. The experiment seems to have found little favor with the inhabitants; but these covers, embossed with the Sydney Post Office seal in plain relief, may claim the distinction of being the first impressed postage stamps issued by any government.

Throughout the fifties, accessions to

the ranks of stamp-issuing countries came thick and fast; and the stamps themselves, with all their variety of color, design and engraving, began to attract the notice of curiosity collectors. But, though a few amateurs here and there, in England and on the Continent, had formed small collections, "philately," as an organized pursuit, was not in existence so late as 1860, in which year a correspondent of "Notes and Queries" wrote that he had seen "a collection of 300 to 400 different postage stamps, English and foreign," and quoted a statement of Sir Rowland Hill's to the effect that "there might be about 500 varieties on the whole." Such a collection seemed to the writer "a cheap, instructive and portable museum"; and he asked if there were no catalogues "such as there are of coins, prints, plants, etc." It was not until the end of 1861, however, that the first published catalogue of stamps made its appearance as a small pamphlet of forty-four pages, entitled "Catalogue des timbres-poste créés dans les divers états du globe" (Paris, 1862), with a preface signed "Alfred P." This was the work of Alfred Potiquet, an "employé de Ministère," and seems to have met with a favorable reception, as a second edition followed in 1862, in which year similar catalogues were published in London, Brighton and Brussels.

Potiquet's lists of stamps bring before us a picture of the postal organization of the world fifty years ago, a picture not devoid of interest when seen in the light of history. France in 1852 had substituted the head of Louis Napoleon for that of "Ceres," emblematic of the Republic; but the words "Répub. Franç." remained unaltered for a year, being changed to "Empire Franç." in 1853; the laurel-wreath of 1863 had, however, not yet been placed on the Emperor's brow to commemorate the campaign in Lom-

bardy, and to show that the Empire had reached its apogee. The Belgian stamps still bore the portrait of Leopold I, and those of Holland the profile of William III; but the head of the Dutch sovereign had disappeared from the Luxemburg issues, which then showed the arms of the Grand Duchy on stamps inscribed in French, though of German origin. The stamps of Spain had the head of Queen Isabella II, while on the Portuguese stamps the embossed profile of Dom Pedro V had replaced that of his mother, Dona Maria. In Switzerland the separate Cantonal issues of Zurich, Geneva and Basel had been suppressed, and their place was taken by a Federal issue of German design and manufacture. Denmark was employing stamps of a simple heraldic design, as was also Sweden; but the Norwegian stamps still bore the profile of King Oscar I of Sweden and Norway, for it was not until 1863 that the assertion of patriotic Norwegian feelings led to the substitution of the national arms. In Germany there were independent issues in a variety of currencies, for Baden, Bavaria, Bergedorf, Brunswick (with its "white horse"), Hanover (with profile of the blind King George), Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Oldenburg, Prussia, Saxony and Wurtemberg, as well as for the free cities of Bremen, Hamburg and Lubeck. The postal administration of the princely house of Thurn und Taxis still enjoyed its historic postal monopoly in various States of Northern and Southern Germany, including the city of Frankfurt and the Grand Duchies of Hesse, Nassau and Saxe-Weimar. In Schleswig-Holstein the provisional government formed by the insurgents had issued stamps in 1850; but these had remained in use for a few months only, and the duchies were once more using the stamps of Denmark.

In Italy the separate issues of the

provisional governments of Modena, Parma, the Romagna and Tuscany had lately given place to Sardinian stamps with a profile of Victor Emmanuel; and the same profile appeared on a special issue for the Neapolitan Provinces, replacing the "Bomba" stamps of Sicily and the "Trinacria" stamps of Naples with the Bourbon fleur-de-lis; on the "Trinacria" stamps the old arms had already been erased after Victor Emmanuel's entry, and the Cross of Savoy roughly engraved in their stead. The victories of the allied French and Italians at Magenta and Solferino in 1859 had deprived the Austrians of Lombardy; but Venetia still remained in their possession and used Austrian stamps with the values expressed in Italian currency. Rome also was not yet free; after the war of 1859 the States of the Church, reduced to one-fourth their former size, continued to use the stamps with the Papal arms and with value in the old currency of *bajocchi* and *scudi*. The Austro-Hungarian Empire had not yet divided its postal issues, and had lately introduced on its stamps the profile of the Emperor Francis Joseph in place of the Austrian arms. The Greek stamps bore the head of Mercury; elsewhere in the Balkan Peninsula the stamps of Turkey, with the crescent and the Sultan's seal, were in use, except in the Danubian principalities, where Moldavia alone had its stamps, for Prince Couza's Roumanian issue of 1862—in the national colors and showing the bull's head of Moldavia and the eagle of Wallachia—had not yet appeared. Russia had its own postage stamps, but was then content to allow those of Finland, with the Finnish lion, to remain; the stamps of Poland, bearing the Russian eagle, were still in use, for it was not till 1865 that its postal issues were finally suppressed. The Ionian Islands used stamps with the profile of Queen Vic-

torla, which also appeared on the stamp used for local letters in Malta.

Turning to other parts of the world, we see that the only postage stamps used in Asia were those of British India (then "East India") and of Ceylon. In India the experimental issue of stamps for Sind, bearing the East India Company's trade-mark, made by Sir Bartle Frere in 1852, had given place to Captain Thuillier's Calcutta-lithographed stamps of 1854; and these in their turn had been superseded by a series of conventional design and London manufacture. In the Far East we find only the primitive locally-made labels of the Philippines, with profile of Queen Isabella. Africa offers only the stamps of Liberia (with a figure of Liberty on the seashore), of Réunion, and of the British colonies of the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, Natal, St. Helena and Sierra Leone; in Mauritius and Natal the crudely-executed local issues, many of them now so rare, had given place to London-made stamps, and the locally type-set Réunion stamps of 1852 had also ceased to be in use. In British North America, while there was a general issue for Canada proper (which showed the concurrent use of the old "pence" and the new decimal currency), British Columbia and Vancouver Island, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island had not yet joined the Dominion, and still used stamps of their own; there was also a series inscribed "St. John's, Newfoundland" and bearing the rose, shamrock and thistle. In the United States the general issue of the Southern Confederacy had appeared, though it was unknown to M. Potiquet; but he foreshadows it by recording a provisional local issue made by the Postmaster of New Orleans. In Mexico the Republican stamps of the Comonfort régime had not yet given place to those with the national eagle

crowned with the Imperial crown of Maximilian; and none of the Central American States had issued stamps. A few of the British West Indian islands had stamps of their own, but most of their post offices were still under the rule of St. Martin's le Grand; for the Spanish Antilles and the Danish West Indies there were special issues supplied from Madrid and Copenhagen. In South America, Buenos Aires, Cordoba and Corrientes had separate issues, though these were gradually being superseded by a general issue for the new "Argentine Confederation." Uruguay was still simply "Montevideo"; and with these stamps and those of British Guiana, Brazil, Chili, the "Granadine Confederation," Peru and Venezuela, the tale of the southern continent is complete. In Australasia all the colonies of Australia and New Zealand had their own issues; and Hawaii also had stamps showing a portrait of King Kamehameha in military uniform; in New Caledonia a curious stamp, with a roughly-executed portrait of Napoleon, lithographed by a sergeant of the local garrison, was in use.

Potiquet's catalogue, as we have already seen, was quickly followed by similar works issued in other countries. Dr. Gray, of the British Museum, was one of the first writers in the field; and in the preface of the first edition of his "Hand Catalogue of Postage Stamps" (London, 1862) he urged his claim for the proper study, collection and arrangement of postage stamps on an equality with that of birds, butterflies, shells, books, engravings and coins. But neither the books of Dr. Gray and other collectors, nor the philatelic periodicals that followed in their wake, were required to excite interest in stamp-collecting; and their true function was to guide into more reasonable paths the veritable "stamp mania" that raged in

1862. In Birchin Lane and Change Alley,

"high, low, rich and poor" (wrote the late Dr. Viner) "congregated for sale or exchange. We were often raided by the police. I myself was taken to the police-office on the charge of collecting a crowd and obstructing traffic. The scene was interesting and amusing; an assemblage of ladies and gentlemen, youths and small boys, each with a book or books full of stamps, as intent on business as the regular stock-jobbers of the neighborhood. One of Her Majesty's Cabinet Ministers was seen there, and ladies with their albums carried by livery servants!" ("The Philatelic Record," 1903, vol. xxv, p. 180.)

A contemporary writer expressed his pleasure in being able "to record that some of the *élite of fashion* are striving collectors, and it is now usual to find in fashionable homes a Postage Stamp Album lying on a table alongside the Photographic Album."

The popular craze for the indiscriminate accumulation of "Queen's heads" and other postal labels soon died a natural death; but, on the other hand, the serious study of the subject began and was quietly pursued in this country and on the Continent. The Philatelic Societies of London and Paris were established, the latter under the ægis of M. de Saulcy, and the foundations of the still-existing great collections were laid; but to the general public there was little difference between the old *timbromanie* and the new *philatelic*, and they were left to derive their information from the occasional ineptitudes of the paragraphist or from the *aneries* of the daily journals, with their tales of the collections of the Czar or the King of Siam. Among the most notable of the earlier philatelists was Judge Philbrick, who in 1866 acquired the famous collection of M. Herpin of Paris. His researches embraced the whole range of postal emissions, but

were more particularly concerned with those of his own country; and in 1881, in conjunction with his lifelong friend, the late W. A. S. Westoby, he published "The Postage and the Telegraph Stamps of Great Britain." This volume was the first scientific monograph on the stamps of any one country, and was the forerunner of the series of authoritative works still in course of issue by the Royal Philatelic Society. In 1890 the Jubilee of Uniform Penny Postage was celebrated by the first Philatelic Exhibition held in London; and this Exhibition, held under Government patronage and opened by the Duke of Edinburgh, himself a collector, may be said to mark the first attempt to differentiate "philately" in the eyes of the public from a mere schoolboy pastime.

A still more important event was the acceptance, in the following year, by the British Museum trustees, of the munificent bequest of the collection made by the late Mr. T. K. Tapling, M.P. Mr. Tapling had begun to collect as a boy, but it was not until about 1881 that his collection began to take a place in the foremost rank. During the years from that time to his death he acquired not only the whole of the Image collection and that of the brothers Callebotte, but also the cream of the Westoby, Weare, Evans, de Ysasi, and many other notable collections. The Tapling collection, however, remained more or less a sealed book to the public until 1903, when three cabinets with vertical slides were constructed at a cost of 3600*l.*; and since then the whole has been on view in the King's Library, with the exception of half a dozen of the greatest rarities, which are preserved apart. Although many portions have since been surpassed in richness by specialized collections of one or more countries or groups, and although unfortunately no attempt has been made to

bring it up to date, it still maintains its position as the second greatest general collection in the world, being inferior only to one immense collection made by a Continental amateur for nearly fifty years past and still in course of formation. The Tapling collection contains nearly 100,000 specimens of adhesive stamps and many thousands of envelopes and postcards; and its value had been estimated by a competent authority as at least 100,000*l.* Far behind it in extent and value is its only serious rival as an official collection, namely, that of the Reichs-Postmuseum in the Leipzigstrasse, Berlin, which, though brought up to the present day, contains only 29,000 specimens of adhesive stamps and postal stationery. Among these, however, are some of the greatest rarities, such as the "Post Office" Mauritius of 1847, Hawaiian Islands of 1851-2, Réunion of 1852, British Guiana of 1856 (4 cents, blue), Canada 12*d.* of 1851, and an unused Moldavian (81 paras) of 1858.

Founded in 1869, the Philatelic Society, London, received in 1890 a notable accession to its membership in the person of the Duke of Edinburgh, who accepted the office of Vice-President of the Society. In 1893 the then Duke of York also joined the Society, and was elected Honorary Vice-President. His Royal Highness had for some years been an ardent philatelist, his collection having been begun, we understand, when, as a midshipman, he was given some stamps by the Duke of Edinburgh. In 1896 he gave a further token of his interest in postage stamps by assuming the Presidentship of the Society in succession to the late Earl of Kingston; and in the following year he opened the London Philatelic Exhibition, at which he showed portions of his collection. In 1904, as Prince of Wales, he read in person before the Philatelic Society a paper on "The

Postal Issues of the United Kingdom during the present Reign," giving full particulars, *inter alia*, of the preparation of the trial dies and types of the Edwardian series of postage stamps. This paper, which was reproduced with illustrations in the "London Philatelist" of the same year, was modestly described by its author as "the endeavor of a 'prentice hand';" but the Prince's work, authoritative, and based on extended research, is, as a matter of fact, an important historical postal document. In 1906 his late Majesty signified his pleasure that the Society should be styled "The Royal Philatelic Society"; and it is no secret that this distinction was largely due to the influence of the Prince, now King George V, who, on his accession, honored the Society by becoming its Patron.

Apart from a number of albums of stamps that have been presented to him on various occasions, the King's stamp collection is confined to the postal issues of the British Empire, of which it is now one of the most comprehensive in existence. In certain countries and groups it is exceptionally complete; and among these we may cite especially Mauritius, St. Helena, Hong Kong, Fiji, Grenada, Nevis, and South Australia, the collection of the last-named colony being probably unsurpassed. The single rarities are far too numerous to be mentioned in detail. They comprise such "cabinet-pieces" as the "twelve pence" Canada, used, on the original letter; unique entire sheets, such as the $\frac{1}{2}$ d. and 1d. British stamps of King Edward arranged in *tête-à-tête* groups, and the New Zealand 2d. vermilion (Plate II of 1872) showing all the retouches; and such *rarae aves* as a Great Britain 6d. purple of 1904 with the "I. R. OFFICIAL" overprint. Of special interest are specimens, both unused and postmarked, of a 2d. purple

stamp bearing the profile of King Edward, which was intended to be issued to the public on the 6th or 7th of May 1910, but was recalled on the King's death on the morning of the former day. With regard to the collection of Mauritius it may be added that one of the specimens is associated with what may be termed a veritable "Romance of a Postage Stamp." Many years ago, a resident of Hampstead, then a schoolboy, made a collection of stamps. It contained nothing but specimens of trivial value, with the solitary exception of a "Post Office" Mauritius stamp, issued in 1847—a stamp of the face-value of 2d., printed in blue, unused, and in faultless preservation, with a margin on each side. The specimen was put up at auction in January 1904, amid a large assemblage of stamp-dealers and collectors. The bidding started at 500*l.*, and went by hundreds to 700*l.*, this latter price being offered by a collector who already possessed two copies of the 1d. red stamp of the same issue. Two dealers raised the bidding to 1400*l.*, at which point one dropped out; and the stamp was then knocked down to the other, acting for the Prince of Wales, at what remains the record price for a single stamp—1450*l.*

As to the value of rare postage stamps in general, it may be said that, after the original stamp mania had died away, the prices of the scarcer stamps of the old issue rose but little during the rest of the sixties. Throughout the seventies their value was practically stationary; in 1870 a Brussels dealer sold a 1d. "Post Office" Mauritius stamp to Baron Arthur de Rothschild for 20*l.*; and so late as 1878, 20*l.* was all that was obtainable for the still rarer 2 cent pink stamp of the first British Gulana issue, now worth considerably more than 1000*l.* But during a period which may be roughly put at 1880-95 the average

rise in the price of early rarities was something like sevenfold. After that, these prices, though showing a constant tendency to rise, remained on the whole at much the same level; but in the last year or two the increase in values has again shown itself in a marked degree. If we take the value of whole collections, rather than that of single stamps, we find that a collection of stamps was sold in London in 1866 for 365*l.*, and this was probably a record price for that period, though it may have been exceeded when the Herpin collection was sold to Mr. Philbrick in the same year. We are on surer ground when we come to 1878, in which year the late Sir Daniel Cooper's collection was sold to a Parisian amateur for 3000*l.* This sale was then thought to exceed the wildest bounds of extravagance; but it was surpassed in 1882, when the same amateur bought the collection of Mr. Philbrick for 8000*l.* In 1894 10,000*l.* was paid by a dealer for the Castle collection of Australian stamps alone. In 1900 the Castle collection of unused European stamps was sold to a collector for a sum approaching 30,000*l.*, and was resold in 1906 to a dealer at a price slightly exceeding that amount. In 1906-7 the auction sale of the Le Roy d'Etiolles collection realized the sum of 36,421*l.*; this, however, was hardly a collection in the true sense of the word, being rather the accumulated stock of a collector-dealer. In 1907 the Breilfuss collection, a general one, was bought by a dealer at a price said to be over 30,000*l.*; but the record amount for a general collection was probably that obtained for the Mirabaud collection, for, though the Mirabaud auction sale in 1909 realized only 21,120*l.*, this did not include several important sections which were privately disposed of, and of which the Swiss section alone was sold for an amount variously stated at 8000*l.* and

12,000*l.* In the same year the collection of the late Sir W. B. Avery was sold for 24,500*l.* to a dealer, who, in 1912, purchased a large part of Lord Crawford's collection at a still higher price.

Although it bore the date of 1862, the first catalogue of postage stamps appeared, as we have said, in 1861; and the jubilee year of philatelic literature was handsomely commemorated by the appearance of the "Catalogue of the Philatelic Library of the Earl of Crawford, K. T.," forming the seventh volume of the "Bibliotheca Lindesiana," and described on the title-page of the private edition as "a bibliography of the writings, general, special, and periodical, forming the literature of philately." The contents of this folio volume of nearly a thousand columns are devoted to a material far vaster in extent than bibliographers had imagined; and of this material the late Lord Crawford himself stated that, so far as his experience went, no class of literature within the whole range of bibliography shows so large a proportion of rare and ephemeral works as that devoted to postage stamps. In the section dealing with periodicals we find over two thousand titles of separate publications, most of them issued in Great Britain, the United States and Germany, but accompanied by others hailing from a score of such out-of-the-way localities as San Marino, Tripoli, the Azores and Canaries, Curaçao, San Domingo and so on. Although the work is described as being a catalogue of philatelic literature, a small proportion of the Library is formed of works on postal history generally, including a large number of Parliamentary Papers and a still more important series of "Proclamations concerning the Post." It is gratifying to know that this unrivalled collection of philatelic publications has recently

been bequeathed to the British Museum, of which Lord Crawford was,
The Quarterly Review.

in his lifetime, not only a trustee but also a generous benefactor..

Bertram T. K. Smith.

THE NEXT REVISED VERSION

Two weighty documents, of which copies appeared in the newspapers last year, have excited a widespread interest. The first, signed by a number of distinguished Churchmen, asked for a fresh revision of the New Testament on more conservative lines. It is possible, they urge, to correct the positive errors of the Authorized Version without marring its literary beauty. In reply to this, fifteen eminent Nonconformist scholars and theologians issued a protest against making an immediate or partial revision. They point out that the progress of knowledge has made a revision of the Old Testament also inevitable. Whatever is to be done, they argue, should be as far as possible complete and final: and therefore at least another ten years ought to be devoted to the sifting of new materials in order to the establishment of a definitive text, both for the Old and for the New Testament.

As to the demerits of the Revised Version of the New Testament, the two bodies of signatories are substantially agreed. They both say, in effect, that the revisers robbed the old version of its charm and beauty without increasing its accuracy. Though they corrected many old errors, they imported many new ones; and where there was no question of error they made trifling changes, to suit a theory, which were fatal to the literary grace of the style.

The reason why the two parties draw different conclusions from the same facts is that they approach them from different sides. The former desire an immediate remedy for a

failure which threatens to impair the estimation of the Bible: the latter are mainly concerned to prepare for a thorough reform a few years hence. How is the controversy to be determined? The decision must ultimately rest with that large educated public who value the English Bible as one of their chief treasures, both literary and religious. Though content to leave technical questions to the judgment of scholars, they will claim to form and express an opinion upon the broad aspects of a proposal which must affect them all so nearly. The object of this article is to draw their attention to some of those aspects, which are too often clouded by the use of technical language. For the writer believes that those who fairly face the problem of revision as a whole will recognize that the balance of argument is in favor of delay.

The Revised Version of the Old Testament is an admirable piece of work. Without altering the character of the style, the translators corrected a vast number of errors, and gave a clear sense to many passages which had been unintelligible. By general consent their rendering of the Book of Job is regarded as their masterpiece: but there is no part of the Old Testament where the reader has not occasion to be grateful for increased correctness and lucidity. It is one thing, however, to translate a given Hebrew text; it is another thing to secure that the text itself shall be reliable. Unlike their New Testament colleagues, the Old Testament company made no attempt to revise the traditional text; and the unhappy re-

sults of the omission are visible on almost every page of their work. For the Hebrew text is often faulty, and in many places obviously and seriously corrupt. The poetical books—such as the Psalms and the Prophets—exhibit the greatest defects. Before the text of these books was stereotyped by the ignorant reverence of the Jewish Rabbis it had suffered from all the accidents to which a manuscript tradition is liable. It may, perhaps, be useful and interesting to mention three of the commonest of these misfortunes, which are not peculiar to Hebrew texts, but well known to students of the Greek and Latin classics.

When manuscripts were written in pages instead of rolls, a page was often torn out and inserted in the wrong place. The copyist, failing to notice the break in the sense, would go straight on. That, apparently, is how we find Isaiah v., 25-29, the conclusion of a prophecy of which the earlier part extends from ix., 8, to x., 4.

Copyists often omit a few words or lines through an oversight, and then insert them below: or they repeat a line which has been written already. The confusion which mars the beauty of the second chapter of Isaiah is by some scholars attributed to these causes combined.

Readers often made notes in the margin of a manuscript. Now it was a pious exclamation; now a parallel passage from another book; now an antiquarian note, or the expression of a difficult phrase. Such notes often found their way into the text, and sore is the resulting confusion. In Isaiah li., 10, 11, there is an interesting combination of two such intrusions. The poet wrote:

"Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord;
Awake as in the days of old, the generations of ancient times.

Art thou not it that cut Rahab in pieces, that pierced the dragon?
Art thou not it which dried up the sea, the waters of the great deep?

Here is a perfect quatrain in the regular metre, which gives a clear and complete sense. But some reader, ignorant of the legend¹ about Rahab, the primeval monster of the deep, which was cut in half in order that dry land might appear, thought only of the latter use of the name Rahab as a title of Egypt, and thought the fourth line referred to the Israelites crossing the Red Sea. In order to make this clear, he wrote "That made the depths of the sea a way for the redeemed to pass over." When this note had been incorporated in the text, another reader, struck by the use of the rare word which is translated "redeemed," wrote in the margin a whole verse (Isaiah xxxv., 10) in which the same word occurs; and this, again, was copied as part of the prophecy. So the beautiful little poem lost both its form and its meaning.

The memorial of the Nonconformists refers to another source of error. Hebrew was originally written without any vowels. Only when it had long ceased to be a spoken language, and the tradition was failing, were marks added to indicate the vowel sounds. There is little doubt that in many cases tradition had already gone astray, so that the wrong vowels were inserted. How easily that might happen may be seen from an example. If Satan were written STN, how naturally the careless pronunciation of a mechanical recitation might lead to its being written either Satin or Stain. It is part of the business of scholars to reverse the process of corruption in order to restore the truth.

Observations like these are not the fruit of what is sometimes praised and sometimes abused as "the higher criti-

¹ See Job xxi., 12-13.

cism." They are examples of ordinary textual criticism, such as is continually applied to the Greek and Latin classics, and to the New Testament. It is by such means that the choruses of Æschylus have been in a large measure restored for the delight of our generation. In all textual revision there is an element of conjecture: and the dangers of arbitrary conjecture are made only too obvious by some recent works of Isaiah and the Psalms. But sane emendation is the only means by which we can hope to escape from the accumulated errors of many ignorant generations. No Hebrew scholarship, no mastery of English style, can avail the translator who is obliged to accept such passages as have been quoted just as he finds them. The more conscientious his work, the more unintelligible must be the result. Until, therefore, the traditional text has been revised in the light of modern knowledge, it is impossible that there should be a satisfactory translation.

Yet perhaps it is well that the revisers in the 'seventies did not attempt the task of emendation. The last thirty years have added greatly to the common stock of knowledge; and have so far changed the attitude of the educated public that an extensive revision has now a much better chance of being well received. And there are still many points to be cleared up; so that the authors of the Nonconformist manifesto plead for another ten years of preparatory study.

At the same time a most important work might be carried on. A small committee of scholars might be appointed to prepare and publish a revised Hebrew text, which should avowedly be tentative and subject to further revision. When this had been fully criticised a final text might be adopted, and the work of translation begun. The difficulties of the transla-

tion will be serious. For though the historical books will require comparatively little alteration, in the poetical books the necessary changes will probably be so numerous as to make the translation almost a new work. It will then have to be decided how far modern scholars can wisely attempt to imitate the lost music of seventeenth century prose.

Meanwhile, private enterprise is doing something. Individual scholars have published new versions of single books, and no doubt others will do so. But the result of their experiments at present is rather to show the difficulties of the enterprise than to offer a solution.

The revisers of the New Testament were obliged by circumstances to face the problem of textual revision. Though they did not publish an official Greek text, their new version shows that they adopted a text differing but little from that which was soon afterwards published by Westcott & Hort. In other words, they corrected the old text, which is represented by the Authorized Version, in thousands of particulars, many trifling, but some important. By their labors, and by those of subsequent scholars, the textual criticism of the New Testament has been so far advanced that we seem to be almost within sight of a practical settlement. No doubt there will always be some disputed points, but not such as can greatly affect either doctrine or history.

The difficulties, therefore, of producing another version of the New Testament are not mainly textual. They arise partly from recent discoveries which affect interpretations and partly from disputes as to what is meant by the word translation.

Excavations in Egypt and elsewhere have lately brought to light a vast number of Greek manuscripts and inscriptions of the Hellenistic age (from

300 B.C. to 600 A.D.), which have revolutionized our ideas of the Greek language as it was written and spoken in the days of the early Church. The Greek Bible, it now appears, was not written, as used to be thought, in a kind of classical Greek marred by numerous Hebraisms: but it is a fair specimen of the ordinary language of Greek-speaking subjects of the Roman Empire, from the Nile to the Euphrates. So that the theories put forward in the revisers' preface have been scattered to the winds, and many of their "corrections" are known to be added mistakes.

The same documents throw new light upon the meaning of many words. Not a few terms which were supposed to be peculiar to the Greek Bible, or even to have been invented to express Christian conceptions, are found to have been in common use. One set of words has a peculiar interest. Some recently discovered documents, bearing upon the mystery-religions which were so important in that age, prove that those religions had a technical phraseology of their own, which may very likely help to explain some difficult passages in St. Paul's epistles. Some time must elapse before this promising vein can be worked out. Meanwhile, it would be a pity to crystallize an imperfect rendering of some Pauline sentences which have an important bearing upon the apostle's mystical and sacramental doctrine.

When the time for making a new translation arrives, it is St. Paul's epistles which will present the great problem. With reference to them the question must be asked, What is meant by translating? Is it rendering each sentence, word by word, so as to reproduce the structure, however foreign to the genius of English? Or is it giving the sense of the original in such a form that the English reader can

readily understand? The style in which the Gospels and the Acts are written is so simple that no such question arises with regard to them. But in the case of St. Paul's epistles a decision must be made which will carry important consequences. There is an opinion current that literal translation is a mark of reverence, and to alter the shape of a sentence is to put a slight upon the apostle. That principle is not followed in translating other authors. Any scholar who treated Thucydides or Plato thus would be ridiculed, because it is agreed that the object of translating a classic is to make it intelligible. Why should a different rule be applied to St. Paul? Let us see how it works, first in a long sentence and then in a short one. A good example of a long sentence will be found in Romans III., 21-26. The thought is quite simple, and might be expressed with perfect lucidity in three or four sentences of moderate length. But as it stands, either in the Authorized or in the Revised Version, it does not give a clear impression to one reader in a hundred. Again, in Romans I., 17, there is a typical short sentence, which is of great doctrinal importance. "For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith" (A.V.) is thus amended by the revisers: "For therein is revealed a righteousness of God by faith unto faith." It is difficult to say which of the two is further from conveying the sense of the Greek, or, indeed, any sense at all, to a reader who has no commentary. Yet here, again, the difficulty lies not so much in the thought as in the form of expression. The meaning would be fairly (though not quite adequately) rendered by the words: "It is the revelation of God's grace, which responds to man's faith and increases it."

Here, then, is the real question to which future translators must find an

answer. Will they persevere in the traditional method which, in a large part of the Epistles, gives admirable music, but music without connected meaning? Or will they boldly say that their first duty is to make the sacred writer's meaning plain to the English reader?

If the former rule be accepted, it seems hardly worth while to make minor changes in the Authorized Version: for though they may correct mistakes here and there without spoiling the rhythm, they cannot remedy the defect of obscurity which pervades whole chapters. The "two clerks," presumably two of the memorialists, whose "experiment in conservative revision" has been published by the Cambridge University Press, have shown admirable judgment in applying their method to the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is to be hoped they will extend their operations so as to include the Gospels and some other books. But the Pauline epistles will not yield to their treatment. And even if a committee of two, hampered by no instructions, could succeed a larger committee bound by rules would certainly fail. A new official Authorized Version, therefore, is to be deprecated. It would further loosen the hold of the familiar text upon the

public mind without offering a permanent substitute.

No new version can be permanently accepted which does not satisfy the demand for lucidity. It is upon the production of such a version that lovers of the Bible would do well to concentrate their attention. For it is a great enterprise, whose success may exercise an incalculable influence for good. The way must be prepared for it by private experiments, just as Tyndale and Coverdale made the Authorized Version possible. The late Dr. Rutherford's notable translation of Romans, the Twentieth Century New Testament, the versions of Mr. A. S. Way, and others, are serious attempts to grapple with the difficulties. Whether we think they have made an advance in the right direction or not, we owe them gratitude for efforts which cost much time and labor. By feeling and showing interest in such attempts, all may do something to promote an enterprise of primary importance. It is perhaps rash to hazard any conjecture about the event: but the writer would not be surprised if in the end the Gospels and Acts were to remain substantially in the same English dress which they have worn for three centuries, while the Epistles assumed a more modern attire.

M. G. Glazebrook.

The Contemporary Review.

PAWNS IN THE GAME.

IV.

February, then March, and the Frontier air slowly lost its winter crispness as the shining monarch of India reascended one by one the steps of his throne on high. April, and the last of the blue cranes passed in noisy flight over the frontier hills in search of a white man's climate. The apricot-trees had shed their white mantle

of blossom, and the cornfields ripened apace.

Twenty miles beyond the British border, where the Tamazai hills and valleys melt into the Afghan plain, Tor Ghulam, the ironworker, was seated on a drab perch of rock gazing down into the little high-walled courtyard of his home hundreds of feet below him. There was a splash

of bright red under the walls in one corner, and a smaller splash in the opposite corner under the tower. There was a distant clapping of hands and the little splash wavered across and was lost in the big splash. It was his wife Gulnissa playing with their little son Pustoo.

The scene, though distant, might well have touched some chord of paternal affection, but Tor Ghulam's moody glance did not soften. He looked haggard and worn, like a strong man who shows in his prime the first traces of premature disease and decay. A good sleep would have made another man of him, but Tor Ghulam did not sleep. His hands nervously clasping and unclasping the barrel of his rifle raised sinews of steel in his swarthy fore-arms, swarthier than the limbs of the true Afghan who prides himself on his pale skin: for Tor Ghulam was an ironworker, an Afghan by courtesy, a man of humble origin, with the squat face and narrow brow of the artisan, lacking the eagle features of the true mountaineer, yet with his glossy black hair and beard a picturesque figure in that setting of strange desolation.

In the ravine, close under Tor Ghulam's lonely tower, lay the glistening grey boulders of a dried-up water-course, and high on the opposite hill-side the scattered towers and dwellings of Jehandad Khan and his people. A herd of goats grazing among the crags was the only visible material of human subsistence, for the steep jagged slopes showed not a handbreadth of loam, not a line of ridge or furrow, not a tree bigger than a holly shrub. Jehandad Khan in truth had no liking for humdrum drudgery. By a highly immoral and very profitable arrangement with the venal Governor of Lagmar, he smuggled horses and opium out of Afghanistan into Paltanpur and carried back mer-

chandise which yielded no toll to the Lord of Kabul. Thus he prospered, little concerned at the sterility of his perpendicular estate. Tor Ghulam, the raider, was also independent of the earth's increase, and once he too had been equally content, but now there was a worm set in his brain, a canker which gnawed at his peace of mind and murdered his sleep.

He drew the cartridge from the chamber of his rifle and clicked the trigger at a mark on the hill-side. His manner changed, his dull glance became keen and savage, as he rapidly pushed home the bolt and took rapid aim not once or twice but many times. Whatever form his imagination embodied beyond the rifle-sights, the figment excited him deeply. Then he reloaded his rifle and again sat listless.

Somewhere on the trackless hill-side, whether above or below it was impossible to say, a voice began to sing. Tor Ghulam raised his head and listened. It was the coarse ballad of the potter who married his master's daughter and has six sons, one in each verse, but remains unaware that each son had a different father. The first verse ended—

"To the feast the Barber came:

No one had a better claim."

Tor Ghulam stood up and scanned the hill-side. The voice ceased abruptly. It was as he feared, as he knew! The song was sung with an object.

There was no escape then from this horror! It had driven him from the roadside and from the haunts of men. Now it followed him among the mountain crags. The honor of the wife is the foundation-rock of society. The Afghan knows nothing of the social sciences, but the naked principle, sound and sane, is the keystone of the cruel tribal law. It is the duty of the injured husband to kill three people—his wife, the seducer, and one

of the seducer's male relations. Until he has done this he may not hold up his head. It is the wild justice of revenge.

Tor Ghulam slunk down the hill. It was impossible, incredible,—yet who should know better than his neighbors? Old Jehandad Khan had always been well-disposed and friendly, and doubtless he and his men meant to be friendly still.

But Gulnissa—the wife of his bosom, whom he had cherished so fondly and who had loved him so deeply in return,—surely she was not the stuff of which fickle women are made! Had she the gift of devilish simulation, and had she cozened his simple trust?

As he entered the courtyard she rose to meet him, a smile on her lips and sad yearning in her eyes. She held out her graceful arms as though she would help him to banish the evil spirit that beset him, but he seized her wrist in a grip of iron and flung her aside. Then he gazed at her dumbly, mournfully, and entered the tower leaving her weeping.

He had first paid secret court to her ten years ago, when he sat in the courtyard of her father's house on the bleak Tamazai plateau mending the locks of some old muskets. Her age was only twelve then, but she had been betrothed since the age of five to a pock-marked Tamazai elder. Tor Ghulam did not abandon hope, but went off with a gun-running party to the Persian Gulf. The venture proved successful. He made a good profit and became a man of the world. His skill and enterprise attracted the notice of Sultan, the raider, whose home was on the plateau at that time, and the ironworker, once admitted to the select brotherhood of the gang, became a person of wealth and position. The timely death of the pock-marked elder conferred on Gulnissa's father the unspeakable privilege of

selling his daughter twice. There was some demur on account of the ironworker's origin, and he had to pay heavily to counterbalance his social disability. In point of cold-blooded fact Gulnissa cost him twenty-eight pounds sterling. That was four years ago, and she had repaid him with every mark of wifely devotion, including Pustoo. She rejoiced in his fame, but when the booty of the city raid enriches their domestic hoard she had implored him to rest satisfied and to spare her the recurring agonies of fear brought upon her by his absence on such ventures. The rifle traffic offered rich rewards at infinitely less risk. They had talked it all over when he came back flushed with success, and he had at last yielded to her entreaties. But he made perforce one reservation. He was bound by his promise to accompany Sultan yet once again. It should be the last time.

Soon after this compact was reached, Tor Ghulam went away to Kabul to invest his loot in Gulf rifles. He was away for three weeks. When he came back the curse was before him on his threshold, and stood between him and the happy bygone days.

It seemed to him that he had lived years since that day of return. Jehandad Khan had met him on the mountain track mumbling dark hints that made the blood run cold. It appeared that Sultan had visited the valley in Tor Ghulam's absence and had been graciously received at the tower. People were speaking of a friendship between Sultan and Gulnissa in earlier days, and it was indeed significant that tongues should be set wagging again. Sultan had stayed with Jehandad Khan for two days, and had left during the night. People were talking, and it was well Tor Ghulam should know of it from a friend.

That was all. Tor Ghulam would

fain have stamped the old man's brains out. His heart stood still, then beat in violent spurts. He sank to his knees unnerved, staring and breathless. At last he struggled on, persuading himself that he had met a madman, an old man in his dotage. The sight of Gulnissa and Pustoo, and the warm welcome home, reassured him. But it was his last night of happiness.

He rose with suspicions allayed, and set out to visit the shrine with a thank-offering for his safe return. On the way he exchanged greetings at different points with four men of Jehan-dad's faction. Not one but repeated in some veiled form the damnable suggestion of yesterday. Tor Ghulam did not reach the shrine. He quitted the path and flung himself down among the thorn scrub, tortured by the doubts that assailed him. He knew only too well of Sultan's evil reputation where women were concerned, and his simple credulous mind slowly pieced together a miserable web of conjecture. Gulnissa had wished him to leave Sultan and take up the Gulf trade. That would mean long absences from home for him! What did it mean to her?

Half beside himself with rage and jealousy, utterly fallen from pride, he found his way back to his tower at nightfall. Gulnissa saw his distracted glance and the thunder-cloud on his brow, and hastened to him, but she was spurned as never before. On the next morning Tor Ghulam found the outline of a lewd-figure drawn on the mud-wall of his tower, and a woman's garment dangling from the parapet. These were insults of subtle import unmistakable to an Afghan.

Then things went from bad to worse. Every day brought its sting cruel and venomous, fortifying the poison in his veins. Henceforth curses and violence were Gulnissa's portion. She, poor

girl, understood nothing, and could only pray that her Tor Ghulam might triumph over the evil "jinn" which possessed him. An Afghan husband does not discuss these matters with his wife. The secret lies in his heart and the dagger in its sheath till both are revealed. But first the interloper must perish, the man who sowed the seeds of ruin! His fate must overwhelm him unawares before he learns that suspicion is aroused against him and that he walks in danger.

The distracted wretch avoided his fellows, but their voices pursued him in the desolation of the mountain. An Afghan's honor is judged by the rumors he tolerates. There was no escape from the goad which was driving Tor Ghulam to avenge his honor at the cost of his life's happiness.

One day when Gulnissa was bringing water from the spring a strange man, whose features were concealed beneath the folds of his turban, sprang out upon her, tore her ring from her finger, and disappeared. There was nobody near to heed her cries or bear witness to this shameful act. She was horror-struck at the disaster, but day after day her husband's black and violent mood did not abate, and her lips were sealed in terror.

Then at last he missed the ring, and hardly pausing to hear her broken tale, he struck her senseless to the ground. Long she lay pale and motionless, and even while he embraced her in an agony of remorse there came a messenger to the tower who gave the countersign of the gang and bade him proceed with all speed to Lagmar on the urgent summons of the Governor.

While Tor Ghulam was making hasty preparations for the journey, Gulnissa opened her sad weary eyes and gazed about her.

"Tor!" she cried at last. "Where

are you going? Is it with Sultan?"

He approached her. "No, not yet," he said almost kindly. "I go to Lagmar, and may be absent many days."

"Oh, Toroo!" she said, encouraged by his softer accents. "Come back, my own Toroo, as you used to be. Go to the big shrine of Chaknor and pray that this dark fit may leave you. I too have promised three sheep to the Haji's shrine. Do this, Toroo, for the sake of your Gulnissa and the little Pustoo."

She raised her arms in mute appeal, and the man gazed at her in anguish.

Then he kissed her gently and turned swiftly away.

The ironworker reached Lagmar at sunset, and was closeted with the Governor for many hours of the night. Craft deep and unscrupulous was pitted against the native simplicity of the mountains, and, under the guise of sympathy and assistance, the last pieces were gradually fitted into a design of devilish cunning.

After some discussion of the gang's future movements, and the repetition of some instructions left by Sultan for Tor Ghulam's ear, the Governor cast covetous eyes on a magazine-carbine which his hearer possessed.

"Look," he said, "so highly do I esteem it that I will give in exchange what Sultan has just paid me for two Martinis and a horse."

Blackwood's Magazine.

He emptied a bag of gold and silver ornaments, and spread the contents on the floor.

In the centre lay Gulnissa's ring!

The scene of fury which followed may well have gratified the cunning architect of Tor Ghulam's deception. The venerable graybeard uttered words of comfort and sympathy, and spoke with many headshakes of the rumors which had reached his ears. He abused Sultan for his vicious conduct, and complained that his own family, too, had suffered from his wickedness. Then, suddenly, as if by inspiration, he joined forces with Tor Ghulam and propounded a plot for their mutual vengeance and satisfaction. At the Governor's suggestion they pledged together what each knew of Sultan's plans for his next exploits. Then the dupe was sent forth to his allotted task.

Days of inaction and mental torture had undermined Tor Ghulam in body and soul. The conviction that he had been wronged, and the craving for revenge, braced him to play the traitor's part. Two nights he travelled to meet the rising sun, crossing the Tamazai hills stealthily as a spy in the enemy's country. Then on the dawn of the second day, from the last hillock of the Great Divide, he saw his goal before him, a distant lozenge of brown mud surmounted by a flag.

It was Fort Tor.

J. L. Maffey, I. C. S.

(To be concluded.)

MR. BRYAN'S PEACE PROPOSAL.

Speaking, the other evening, at the annual dinner of the Cobden Club, Lord Beauchamp reminded his audience that Free Trade was, in the policy of Cobden, chiefly valued as the straightest and most practicable path towards peace and goodwill among nations. It is, therefore, no mere coinci-

dence that the new tariff proposals of the United States should be accompanied by a strenuous endeavor of the new Executive, not merely to secure a just settlement of definite outstanding differences with foreign nations in connection with the Panama Canal or the Californian anti-Asiatic policy,

but to make a larger contribution to the civilization of the world by pacific proposals of a more general character. The time is opportune, the need is great. And America is better fitted, under the new impetus of a powerful reforming Government, to take the initiative than any of those European Powers that stand glaring at each other across their fortified frontiers. America's new fiscal policy means for her a rapid growth of foreign trade and a correspondingly rapid enlargement of all her foreign interests and activities. In the near future she will find that she can stand aside from none of the great happenings in Europe or in Asia, and that she is necessarily drawn into all the Balances and Concerts of the Powers.

Shall she, then, simply allow herself to be sucked into the vortex of European militarism, to succumb without a struggle to the outworn barbarian creeds of Old-World despotisms, to abandon the higher moral ideals which inspired the religious and political makers of America, and which have always shone as beacon lights through the efforts and achievements of her great representative men? To a Washington, a Jefferson, an Emerson, a Lincoln, the vision of America was never merely of an isolated society secure in its own liberties and material prosperity. It was of a nation which, relieved from many of the conflicts and burdensome traditions of the Old World, would be able to work out in a liberal atmosphere the great problems of equitable human government, and by this example lend a helping hand to the less enlightened peoples of the earth. Whether we take the narrower consideration or the wider, America's duty to her better self or her contribution to the progress of humanity, the present appeal for definite constructive, reasoned conduct, as against

the blind drift of a destiny which is only "manifest" when it is too late, is of critical importance. It is not for nothing that a great surge of genuinely democratic passion has placed in the seat of authority men of such sound and powerful principles as Dr. Woodrow Wilson and his new Secretary of State, Mr. Bryan. These men and their country are not yet actively embroiled in the troublesome and dangerous issues which are driving all the nations of Europe into desperate courses. They have indeed been led by a sudden access of temptation a little way down the descent to imperialism and militarism. But they are not committed to these policies either by conviction or by conduct. The best thought and feeling of their people are against going any further. But as their relations of commerce and finance with other countries open out, a merely negative policy would be impossible to maintain. America must endeavor to lay a practical business basis for her coming relations with foreign States.

It is these general reflections that give meaning and importance to the scheme of conciliation which Mr. Bryan has just outlined. It is no use exaggerating the pacific character of the Americans. They are not, and never have professed to be, for peace at any price. The result of the recent experiment towards a full reciprocity treaty with Great Britain has been to show that the recalcitrance of the Senate has a strong support in the sentiments of the people. The nature of this feeling has been manifested in the Panama discussion. It is there seen that though not only the best but the largest volume of informed opinion favors an amendment of the Act that will withdraw the right to discriminate in favor of American shipping, great reluctance is shown to submitting the decision to a court constituted by the

European States. The Americans would prefer to do justice themselves rather than have it imposed upon them by a court which, according to their thinking, could not be unbiased. Can nothing, then, be done to avert and to diminish the possibilities of conflict? America is not now prepared to propose compulsory arbitration for all issues between all nations, or even between herself and the country with whom such a complete arrangement would be easiest and least risky. Nor, if she were prepared, is there any likelihood of the early general adoption of such an advanced policy. But can America, then, effect nothing? Yes. She can follow the same course that is being followed in the pacific settlement of conflicts between capital and labor. Neither party will abandon the right to strike. But it may be possible to induce them to undertake to interpose a stage of inquiry which shall also afford time and opportunities for reasonable settlement. If, either by legal obligation or by private agreement, the two parties will give a general undertaking to submit all issues to this procedure, a substantial though not a certain guarantee of peace has been obtained. Mr. Bryan's proposal, in its substance, closely resembles this method of industrial conciliation, as exemplified in the Industrial Disputes Conciliation Act of Canada. He would empower an International Commission to investigate the issues of fact in any difference arising between two Governments, with no power to render an award, but merely to report to the two Governments their findings, leaving it to these Governments to determine freely whether to submit the issue to a Court of Arbitration or to settle it by diplomacy, or, in the last resort, by force. An essential condition to the efficacy of this proposal is that, pending the investigation and the submis-

sion of the Report, the two Powers shall have undertaken to make no increase of armaments and to take no steps in mobilization, calling out of reserves, or other military preparations.

The proposition is not a novel one, but an extension and strengthening of a clause in Part III. of The Hague Convention dealing with "International Commissions of Inquiry." That clause, however, makes the inquiry optional and not obligatory, renders it of dubious application in disputes involving honor or vital interests, and provides no sufficient securities for the maintenance of the *status quo* pending the inquiry. We believe that Mr. Bryan's proposal, if backed by the full support of the American Government, represents just that measure of advance along the path of peace for which the limited intelligence and conscience of the nations are ripe. To a nation contemplating the use of force for the committal of a crime, it will furnish an interval for reflection and possible repentance; it will supply to other nations a fund of information that will enable them to form a judgment which must carry weight with the contesting parties; and, finally, it will make it increasingly difficult for the disputants to refuse an invitation to submit their case to arbitration. We make no doubt that Mr. Bryan's valuable proposal will be thoroughly canvassed by the important British delegates who are now crossing the Atlantic in order to make concerted arrangements with representatives of the United States and Canada for celebrating the hundred years' peace between Great Britain and America. The omens are favorable. Our people and our Government should warmly co-operate with the United States in urging this measure upon the other Powers.

A POLITICAL NOVEL.

A political novel is not as a rule attractive to the general public. It is apt to seem to them like a novel interleaved with newspaper. They love newspapers and they love novels, but they like them separate. When Disraeli wrote novels the ordinary reader made an exception. No doubt it was the genius of the novelist which partly led him to make it, but it was also the novelist's position. Disraeli, it was felt, wrote from the battlefield. His information came from the very front. His imagination gilded his work, but in the eyes of the public he was not drawing upon his imagination. He wrote of Governments and their intrigues as a man that had been there; he wrote of dukes and their glories as one who made them. He knew Society and knew the House of Commons, and he knew what connection they had with each other. That connection made a perfect subject for a novel—from the pen of a man who spent his time in both spheres. He did not, of course, write as a partisan, yet it is difficult to clear him from all accusation of a purpose. Every satirist has a purpose, but it is not as a rule very patent. When Anthony Trollope began to write political novels he had, so far as appeared, no such facilities, and he certainly had no purpose whatever. His books were read because they were interesting, and they were interesting because of their realism. When he wrote "*Phineas Finn*," he set himself to reproduce the atmosphere of Westminster, just as in the *Barchester* series he had set himself to reproduce the atmosphere of a cathedral close. How he came to be completely cognizant of either the one or the other has never been entirely explained. No odor of sanctity and no ecclesiastical dimness hangs

about his clerical portraits. The reader finds that the clergy are men of mixed motives like himself, not godless, but not altogether godly, and very anxious about sublunary matters. Trollope's politicians are treated in exactly the same way. They are not without patriotism, but they are not altogether patriotic. Between them and the reality of their patriotic professions stands what Trollope calls "*the cake*," i. e., the emoluments, tangible and intangible, which belong to the political service of the public—the good thing of which the opposite side always want more than their share.

The shadow of "*the cake*" falls everywhere over the pages of "*Phineas Finn*," yet the sun of patriotism still shines. *Phineas* himself, the handsome, pleasant political adventurer who is Trollope's hero, is a very poor man. His father can make him but a tiny allowance, and cannot promise him even that for an indefinite period. He realizes that he must get some of "*the cake*" or starve. The way to succeed in politics, in his day, was through the drawing-rooms of the great. In order to get it he makes some small sacrifices of conviction and some perhaps of dignity. Aware of his own charm, he lays siege to the hearts of political ladies as a means of advancement. Aware of his own somewhat flighty temperament, he tries to believe that loyalty is a legitimate cover for want of independence. At the end, however, of the first part of the story, when a large slice of cake is within his reach, he leaves it for conscience' sake, and, shutting the doors of Westminster and Mayfair behind his back, he returns to poverty. Ireland, and his first love.

In the sequel ("*Phineas Redux*") *Phineas* returns to London as a wid-

ower. His friends in the great world have completely dropped him during his absence. A man in a provincial Irish town with a wife and a small appointment is dead to them. Yet to his surprise these men and women who for two or three years have been to him like the people of a half-forgotten dream, take him up again. They are all keen politicians absorbed in the *personnel* of politics and for ever busy in casting the drama that they love, and Phineas is a very fair actor. In a few months he feels that he has never been away. The charming girl who refused him is now a married woman of great social importance, and is ready to help him on, and two other women whom, to put it roughly, he himself in the old days refused, fall once more under the spell of his Hibernian personality. Fortune smiles on him; the ball is at his feet. Then all of a sudden he is suspected of murder and tried for his life. The melodramatic incident is perhaps, so far as the plot is concerned, an artistic mistake, but it serves to show Phineas who are his friends; it throws him finally into the arms of the rich woman who has been in love with him for years; and it serves also to make the reader really fond of Phineas, who breaks down under the ordeal.

The favors of fortune in regard to Phineas were in danger of irritating the reader. His looks, his manners, his successes, were beginning to pall. Trollope strikes him down that he may show the heart of his hero. With a skill and delicacy of which he is not always capable, the novelist makes us see that after all Phineas was a humble man. He pleased the friends, who seem too much like patrons, because it was his nature to be pleasant. He was by nature grateful, kind hearted, easily amused. His capacity for hero-worship served to cultivate his conscience, for his hero was always

a better man than himself. The women who fell in love with him did not touch his heart, though in the long last he marries one of them. Towards all his admirers he is full of gratitude and respect. Phineas has the heart of a child. He is not a strong man, but he is a guileless one. Trollope shows an odd piece of insight into modern human nature (is such an expression a contradiction in terms?) when he proves to his reader that he can make him like and respect a man who lacks that particular form of strength—calmness in adversity—which is conventionally necessary in a hero.

How far Trollope's politicians are portraits it is not easy to say. Mr. Frederic Harrison, who writes a charming little introduction to this new edition of an old book, will not allow that they are portraits at all. Mr. Daubeny is, of course, intended to suggest Disraeli. The political *volte-face* which he makes at a critical juncture in the nation's affairs will seem familiar to all those who have lately read Mr. Monypenny's second volume. "That speech of Mr. Daubeny's will never be forgotten," we read, "by anyone who heard it. Its studied bitterness had perhaps never been equalled, and yet not a word was uttered for the saying of which he could be accused of going beyond the limits of Parliamentary antagonism," although "no words in the language could have attributed meaner motives. The old Prime Minister listened apparently unmoved. "Mr. Mildman sat and heard him without once raising his hat from his brow or speaking a word to his neighbor." So sat Peel. Mr. Gresham may have been Gladstone—at the time the book was written this was supposed. Mr. Frederic Harrison, however, does not think so now, and did not think so then, and Mr. Gresham's portrait is rather a failure in any case.

He makes a confused impression on the mind of the reader. Monk is, of course, intended for John Bright, though a much less grand figure. Trollope draws him as a perfectly independent, honest, and very vigorous thinker—a little given to didacticism—utterly free of ambition, political or social; but he imputes to him a curious impersonal coldness which sometimes makes us wonder why Phineas was so devoted to him. When Phineas is accused of murder, Mr. Monk preserves an open mind on the subject. The shock to the hero-worshipper is great. Independence is a quality whose sources are various, and some of them are inhuman. Detachment is strangely unlovable, or such would appear to be Trollope's conclusion.

It is the portraits of smaller fry which will most delight us, beginning at the very bottom with Mr. Bunce, the politically minded clerk whose wife let lodgings. He was a Radical. He disliked the rich, the aristocracy, all members of Parliament, and the police. The first three of these hatreds was founded upon theory. With the police he had come into unpleasant conflict during a street row. "I pay rates for the police to look after rogues," said he, "not to haul folks about and lock 'em up." The editor of that horrible rag, the *People's Banner*, is also most entertaining. He could write excellent English, had not a scruple in the world, and dropped his *h's*. Some day he hoped to "stand" for somewhere. "I look upon the 'Ouse as my oyster," he would say in moments of intimacy, flourishing the pen with which the oyster was to be opened. At the other end of the scale come Barrington Erle, the Duke of Omnium, and his heir "Planty Pal." The duke would have been a wise old man had the sense of his own social importance not eaten like a disease into his mind and sent him early into his dotage.

Importance did in his case what money is said to do in so many—it slowly unhinged him. He belongs to the past. His successor cared nothing at all for his strawberry leaves. He cared for politics; "industry, rectitude of purpose, and a certain clearness of intellect" were his only distinctions. Barrington Erle is perhaps one of the best portraits in the book. He personifies a type which is enormously useful in all spheres of life. Upon one occasion, as a very young man who has but just got his seat, Phineas indulges in a little natural and commendable rodomontade. He would not, he assures his friend, change his politics for any man—any patron, any leader.

"Barrington Erle turned away in disgust. Such language was to him simply disgusting. It fell upon his ears as false maudlin sentiment falls on the ears of the ordinary honest man of the world. Barrington Erle was a man ordinarily honest. He would not have been untrue to his mother's brother, William Mildmay, the great Whig Minister of the day, for any earthly consideration. He was ready to work with wages or without wages. He was really zealous in the cause, not asking very much for himself. He had some undefined belief that it was much better for the country that Mr. Mildmay should be in power than that Lord de Terrier should be there. He was convinced that Liberal politics were good for Englishmen, and that Liberal politics and the Mildmay party were one and the same thing. It would be unfair to Barrington Erle to deny to him some praise for patriotism. But he hated the very name of independence in Parliament, and when he was told of any man, that that man intended to look to measures and not to men, he regarded that man as being both unstable as water and dishonest as the wind."

Mr. Frederic Harrison tells us in his introduction that times have changed, and that the Phineas series must in

great part be read as history. "The old Whig coteries are gone: the influence of county magnates and society leaders is dim, the aristocratic tone of politics and of manners has retired to the backwoods." Is this so? We wish

The Spectator.

that a new Trollope might arise to recount the pilgrimage of a new Phineas Finn through a new Vanity Fair and a new House of Commons. The new story, we think, would be very like the old one.

ACTRESSES AND CORONETS.

I have been asked to say what I think of a book called "*Peeresses of the Stage*" written by Cranstoun Metcalfe, and published by Andrew Melrose at the price of 7s. 6d. net. What strikes me as chiefly remarkable about it is that anyone should have been found, capable of stringing a book of any kind together, who would have been willing to associate his name with such a piece of snobbery as this. The author, however, takes his work seriously. He describes it in his preface as an *Effort in the art of Historiography*. He says that its title describes its contents; but it would more accurately have been entitled "*Actresses of the Peerage*." It is divided into two parts. The first part deals with people who are dead, and is the more respectable on that account. The author has grubbed among such records as there are of famous and scandalous alliances of the past between the stage and the peerage—I was going to have written the page and the steorage, but the joke would have been a little far-fetched. For such as desire it, there is here a kind of record of such people as Elizabeth Farren, Anastasia Robinson, Fanny Braham, and Harriot Mellon, under the various titles which marriage has conferred upon them. The rest of the book deals with what the author, with his light touch, calls "*the modern actressocracy*." It is here that he has really found himself in difficulties. He is obviously torn

between the desire to make himself intelligible and also to introduce as many titles as possible; and he is obviously more at ease when he is referring to Rose, Marchioness of Headfort, than when he is referring to Rosie Boote. The last chapter of the book, containing a record of recent marriages between peers and chorus-girls, is just what it might be expected to be—what indeed it cannot avoid being—a compound of suppression and flattery. When I add that the author entitles it "*Unto this Last*," there is little more to be said.

The book does, however, suggest some reflections on what is a social characteristic of our day—the cult of actors and actresses by the upper classes. This is the golden age of the stage from the social point of view; which is perhaps why it is the leaden age from an artistic point of view. And there must be no disguise about the kind of relationship which exists between the upper classes and the stage. It is not patronage by any means. It is not that great lords and ladies desire to have, here and there among the throng which surrounds them, a few spoiled favorites of the public to amuse their lighter hours. On the contrary, actors and actresses form an integral part of what is called smart society; and very important people they are in it, too. This is by no means to the discredit of the actors and actresses; but I am afraid that the reasons why people of position

have taken to cultivating them are in their origin not otherwise than contemptible. This, unhappily, is the day of advertisement. People whose grandparents would have blushed to see them in print hardly think they are being "a success" unless they themselves, their husbands, wives, children, dogs, cats, horses, and ancestral homes are every week advertised in the illustrated papers. To be conspicuous is to be socially successful; and the successful actor or actress is about the most conspicuous figure of our day. Smith the obscure poet may be a very great man; Jones the famous actor may be a very small man; but if you ask "Do you know Smith?" nobody is in the least ashamed of saying "No, never heard of him." Whereas no one would admit to not knowing Jones; and if they had happened never to have met and spoken with that particular star they would be ashamed to admit it. It is also a fact that in the general confusion and transition through which our society is passing there is an increasing tendency for people to get out of their right place and get into other places. Apparently no one is content to do his own job and to continue doing it. Music-hall comedians write books; peers collaborate in the writing of operas and pay heavily for the privilege; chorus girls become countesses; Cabinet Ministers flutter on the Stock Exchange; authors go into politics; duchesses keep shops; squires go into the City; advertising managers edit newspapers; women want votes; poor people want to be rich. There is a kind of general post going on; and yet the movement seems to be rather one-sided. Rich people show no desire to be poor; ladies of great family do not clamor at the stage door for admission to the chorus; stockholders do not insist on serving their country; authors do not take to the music-hall;

nor are musical composers raised to the peerage. It is the showy things which people want, for which there is a demand, and which consequently are fashionable. Hence this deplorable fashion of the bearers of great names allying themselves with women of the stage. It is sometimes said that it is a good thing, and that the thin and worn-out blood of the aristocracy is thereby fortified and refreshed. But I fear there is little eugenic principle in the head of the young heir to a peerage who finds that the price he must pay for the possession of his favorite chorus girl is his name and title.

It is always disagreeable to speak disparagingly of a whole class, because there are always sure to be exceptions, and I have no doubt that among what Mr. Metcalfe calls the actressesocracy there are to be found many an excellent wife and mother. But that is not the point. Such people must be exceptions. As our author himself points out there is no actress-peeress alive at this moment of whom it can be said she is a great actress. Most of them are not serious actresses at all; they are only people whose good looks gave them a conspicuous position on a very conspicuous platform. And the simple fact is that the training of a musical comedy chorus girl is not the training which prepares any woman for the responsibilities either of wealth or position; or which educates her in the proper use of either, or can fit her, at a time when it is more than ever necessary that those who inherit them should prove themselves worthy of their trust, to hold either against the tide of change and the influences of disruption. To be sure, it is not the poor little chorus girls who are to blame. They have been trained to desire flowers and jewels; why should they not also desire coronets and titles? Nor are the

hot-hearted young lords necessarily to blame—when they are young and hot-hearted, that is. They only suffer from the common delusion of people in love, and show at least that they have the courage of their passions. The people who are to blame for this consistent degeneration of aristocratic families are the aristocracy themselves. If they choose to forget that their families are something more than a private perquisite, they must not be surprised if their value becomes cheapened in the eyes of the world. Their position is, in a sense, a trust for the nation, and they have no right to prostitute it to the stage. It is true that most of these alliances are enterprised and taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, and wantonly, and by no means with the consent of the parents. But that again does not go to the root of the matter. If marriage with a pretty

The Saturday Review.

chorus girl were taken seriously by society, and regarded as a true més-alliance, even hot-hearted young men would think twice before doing it. But of course it is not taken seriously; and Miss Florrie Flutter, when she becomes Florence, Marchioness of Broadshire, is very quickly accepted as a matter of course and proceeds to take her part in the undoing of the class to which she has allied herself. I dare say this point of view is not only unpopular, but will be regarded by many serious people as old-fashioned and unprogressive. But when the stage and kindred influences have swamped the aristocracy it may be seen that there was something in it after all.

In the meantime, here is a book which should be found in every servants' hall.

Filson Young.

GETTING MARRIED.

III.—THE HONEYMOON.

"I know I oughtn't to be dallying here," I said; "I ought to be doing something strenuous in preparation for the wedding. Counting the bells at St. Miriam's, or varnishing the floors in the flat, or—— Tell me what I ought to be doing, Celia, and I'll go on not doing it for a bit."

"There's the honeymoon," said Celia.

"I knew there was something."

"Seriously, Ronald, what are you doing about it?"

"Thinking about it."

"You haven't written to anyone about rooms yet?"

"Celia," I said reproachfully, "you seem to have forgotten why I am marrying you."

When Celia was browbeaten into her present engagement, she said frankly

that she was only consenting to marry me because of my pianola, which she had always coveted. In return I pointed out that I was only asking her to marry me because I wanted somebody to write my letters. There opened before me, in that glad moment, a vista of invitations and accounts-rendered all answered promptly by Celia, instead of put off till next month by me. It was a wonderful vision to one who (very properly) detests letter-writing. And yet, here she was, even before the ceremony, expecting me to enter into a deliberate correspondence with all sorts of strange people who as yet had not come into my life at all. It was too much.

"We will get," I said, "your father to write some letters for us."

"But what's he got to do with it?"

"I don't want to complain of your

father, Cella, but it seems to me that he is not doing his fair share. There ought to be a certain give-and-take in the matter. I find you a nice church to be married in—good. He finds you a nice place to honeymoon in—excellent. After all, you are still his daughter."

"All right," said Cella, "I'll ask Father to do it. 'Dear Mrs. Bunn, my little boy wants to spend his holidays with you in June. I am writing to ask you if you will take care of him and see that he doesn't do anything dangerous. He has a nice disposition, but wants watching.' Something like that."

I got up and went to the writing-desk.

"I can see I shall have to do it myself," I sighed. "Give me the address and I'll begin."

"But we haven't quite settled where we're going yet, have we?"

I put the pen down thankfully and went back to the sofa.

"Good! Then I needn't write to-day anyhow. It is wonderful, Cella, how difficulties roll away when you face them. Almost at once we arrive at the conclusion that I needn't write to-day. Splendid! Well, where shall we go? This will want a lot of thought. Perhaps," I added, "I needn't write to-morrow."

"We had almost fixed on England, hadn't we?"

"Somebody was telling me that Lynton was very beautiful. I should like to go to Lynton."

"But *everyone* goes to Lynton for their honeymoon."

"Then let's be original and go to Birmingham. The happy couple left for Birmingham, where the honeymoon will be spent.' Sensation."

"The bride left the train at Ealing.' More sensation."

"I think the great thing," I said, trying to be businesslike, "is to fix the county first. If we fixed on Rutland,

then the rest would probably be easy."

"The great thing," said Cella, "is to decide what we want. Sea, or river, or mountains, or—or golf."

At the word golf I coughed and looked out of the window.

Now I am very fond of Cella—I mean of golf, and—what I really mean, of course, is that I am very fond of both of them. But I do think that on a honeymoon Cella should come first. After all, I shall have plenty of other holidays for golf . . . although, of course, three weeks in the summer without any golf at all—Still, I think Cella should come first.

"Our trouble," I said to her, "is that neither of us has ever been on a honeymoon before, and so we've no idea what it will be like. After all, why should we get bored with each other? Surely we don't depend on golf to amuse us."

"All the same, I think your golf *would* amuse me," said Cella. "Besides, I want you to be as happy as you possibly can be."

"Yes, but supposing I was slicing my drives all the time, I should be miserable. I should be torn between the desire to go back to London and have a lesson with the professional and the desire to stay on honeymooning with you. One can't be happy in a quandary like that."

"Very well then, no golf. Settled?"

"Quite. Now then, let's decide about the scenery. What sort of soil do you prefer?"

When I left Cella that day we had agreed on this much: that we wouldn't bother about golf, and that the mountains, rivers, valleys, and so on, should be left entirely to nature. All we were to enquire for was (in the words of an advertisement Cella had seen) "a perfect spot for a honeymoon."

In the course of the next day I heard of seven spots; varying from a spot in Surrey "dotted with firs," to a dot in

the Pacific spotted with—I forget what, natives probably. Taken together they were the seven only possible spots for a honeymoon.

"We shall have to have seven honeymoons," I said to Celia when I had told her my news. "One honeymoon, one spot."

"Wait," she said. "I've heard of an ideal spot."

"Speaking as a spot expert, I don't think that's necessarily better than an only possible spot," I objected. "Still tell me about it."

"Well, to begin with, it's close to the sea."

"So we can bathe when we're bored. Good."

"And it's got a river, if you want to fish——"

"I don't. I should hate to catch a fish who was perhaps on his honeymoon too. Still, I like the idea of a river."

"And quite a good mountain, and lovely walks, and, in fact, everything. Except a picture-palace, luckily."

"It sounds all right," I said doubt-

Punch.

fully. "We might just spend the next day or two thinking about my seven spots, and then I might . . . possibly . . . feel strong enough to write."

"Oh, I nearly forgot. I have written, Ronald."

"You have?" I cried. "Then, my dear Celia, what else matters? It's a perfect spot." I lay back in relief. "And there, thank 'evings, is another thing settled."

"Yes. And, by the way, there is golf quite close too. But that," she smiled, "needn't prevent us going there."

"Of course not. We shall just ignore the course."

"Perhaps, so as to be on the safe side, you'd better leave your clubs behind."

"Perhaps I'd better," I said carelessly.

All the same I don't think I will. One never knows what may happen . . . and at the outset of one's matrimonial career to have to go to the expense of an entirely new set of clubs would be a most regrettable business.

A. A. M.

ON JARGON AND JOURNALESE.

A professor of literature who takes to analyzing ministerial answers in Parliament and leading articles in newspapers, makes of criticism a really formidable aggression. The classics we have always considered fair game. But this irruption into our manner of reporting, this prying into the style of our business letters, carries the war to closer quarters. It is a thing that we have got to face. "Jargon" is a term which will live, and henceforth the man who respects himself must learn to know it when he writes it. We think we follow "Q's" distinction. It recalls rather vividly an experience of our own. It hap-

pened on the eventful birthday of a newspaper which lives no longer. The minutes were running uncomfortably close to midnight. The compositors were nervous, and the aproned foreman was prowling up and down the editorial passages watch in hand. The machines stood still while he waited for a proof, and as the minutes passed he saw in visions trains departing to the expectant provinces without the much-advertised paper. The fault, it turned out, was ours. We had written a plain prose sentence. "The rumor seems to be true." At the editorial desk the editorial mind, anxious to give the final touches of polish and

elegance to an important and exclusive piece of news, had revised this bald and literal statement. It was prose. It became jargon. "The rumor," wrote the editor in bold blue pencil, "would appear to be fully substantiated." That seemed at once more conventional and more satisfying. It was Latin. It was vague. It preserved the aloofness of the printed page from the crude vulgarities of daily speech. But equally it seemed uninteresting. It lacked originality. It did not glow with the fire of imagination. The editorial mind paused for inspiration. In such moments, when it felt the need for a really royal inspiration, its hand dropped the blue pencil and dropped instead in the red ink. There is something in red ink which appeals to any latent greatness that may lurk in a human soul. Was it not the color with which Byzantine Emperors dignified their edicts? In the early days of his great lunacy, we have heard that the Sultan Abdul Medjid went so far as to refuse to read any State paper which was not written in red ink. The charm was sovereign, and the editorial mind worked royally. The blue pencilled jargon was erased, and in its place there stood out boldly the triumphant vermillion sentence, "We are enabled to affirm that the rumor is replete with substance." It was journalese at length; the journalese of a really inventive mind, no mere tag that tells of late hours and hurried work, but journalese creative, resourceful, imaginative. With a smile of conscious mastery the editor handed the corrected proof to the perturbed foreman. The arrested machinery hummed again, and eight hours afterwards a great phrase lay on the breakfast tables of England.

"Q.," to our thinking, is a shade too nice and pedantic in his distinctions. We will not allow a real division be-

tween jargon and journalese. Jargon is dull and unaspiring journalese. It lacks the zest and emphasis of artistic effort. It tends to formulae. It might be written in hieroglyphics. It is vague without grandeur, woolly without voluptuous softness, abstract without a metaphysical aloofness. We are content to accept "Q.'s" analysis of it. It prefers the abstract to the concrete term. Caution no doubt is its parent, but we demur to "Q.'s" disparaging statement that it is bred by caution out of laziness. It is rather the offspring of an ill-assorted marriage between caution and ambition. It aims at literature, but dreads originality. When a Minister says that "the reply is in the negative" instead of a plain "No," he means to avoid the baldness of daily speech, the crudity of the verbal back benches, but he shrinks from the emphasis, the gusto, the vitality of the best journalese. Jargon rejoices in circumlocution, and revels in such words as case, instance, character, nature, condition, persuasion, degree. To write jargon is, as "Q." puts it, "to be perpetually shuffling round in the fog and cotton wool of abstract terms." It is plain prose to say "They gave him a silver teapot." It is jargon to write, "He was made the recipient of a silver teapot." But, indeed, why seek for illustrations? We found them, as we glanced with alarmed and self-conscious eyes at the columns which lay "cheek by jowl" (to use the consecrated journalese), beside the report of "Q.'s" own lecture. Here was a stirring tale about an adventure at Shanghai "when an alarming fire broke out at a large warehouse ashore, the inflammable nature of which included tallow and oil." Next stood the weather forecast, under the heading "improved weather conditions," which began with this sentence, "The disturbances which for a long time

have kept the atmospheric situation in such an unsettled state appear to be about to pass away." That is mere jargon. But the reference in a neighboring column to a gentleman, who is an all-round sportsman, and "handles the ribbons with the dexterity of one to the manner born," is something better and higher. It verges on literature. It is allusive. It shows the deliberate use by a trained and experienced artist of a phrase, familiar indeed and even trite, which has commended itself to his mind as the best and neatest manner known to the resources of language of saying that particular thing.

"Q." is to be commended for his pioneer researches into these neglected questions of style, but we hope he does not aim at reform. (We use this last phrase deliberately. It is jargon, and we mean to assert our right to use it.) Critics have exhorted the world to avoid abstraction and Latinity for several consecutive generations. It takes a poet to do that. It is no mere English peculiarity, it is no modern degeneration, which prefers jargon to good prose, and journalese to either. It is the nearly universal conviction of mankind that the dignity of letters demands the use of some peculiar language which is not vulgarized by daily speech. The Turk mixes his written language with Arabic and Persian. The Arab attempts to continue the obsolete idiom of the Koran. The modern Greek has evolved for the use of his pen a whole vocabulary even for the common things of daily life to which his tongue is a stranger. Our "jargon" is a creation of the same instinct. It is, when we compare it with these Eastern models, a poor and imperfect accomplishment. It is intelligible to quite unlettered people. It is indeed the supremely cultured person who finds it hard to understand. It is poor in invention, limited in resources, halting in imagination. But

it serves its own purpose. It makes a written language which is not the spoken language. It satisfies the instinct which still survives in us after long centuries of familiarity with the art, that writing is a mystery whose dignity would be compromised by the use of anything save the sacred language of the literati and the priests. That was the rule in ancient Egypt. It was the rule in ancient China. It is the same primeval instinct in ourselves, which makes us prefer to say that a rumor is substantiated when we mean that it is true.

One is sometimes tempted to wonder if there is a certain subtle jealousy between the senses. There is one language for the ear and another for the eye, one for speaking and another for reading. If we were bold enough to dream that a habit so nearly universal, so close to some evidently rooted preference of the human mind, could be reformed out of existence, we should be inclined to seek the remedy in a continual appeal to the ear. We would teach children to hear what they read, instead of scampering over the printed page with a rapid glance that gathers its meaning direct from the printed symbol. The reader who uses his ears as well as his eyes, of necessity reads slowly. He is intolerant of verbiage; he is wearied by circumlocution; he is critical of rhythm. He resents the average novel of commerce and the padded newspaper article, because he must needs spend so long in reading them. The visual reader consumes the page so quickly that he has no leisure to reflect. The aural reader (to invent a name for him) comments upon it as he reads with the same freedom and autonomy of mind which we all exercise in listening to a speech or a conversation. The one habit makes a forgetful and omnivorous reader, the other a retentive and critical student.

A reader who listens to every word of the printed page will no more have patience to read an indifferent book than a man who is a moderate linguist will care to read anything save the best in a language with which he is not quite familiar. Criticism spends itself in vain on jargon and journalese. It is a problem for the pedagogue, and

The Nation.

he will solve it, we suspect, when he teaches children to enjoy good literature before they can read it, stores their memories with verse before he allows them to write prose, and develops their sense for the language of the ear before he sends them out into the deserts of waste paper to feed on jargon and luxuriate in journalese.

MANAGEMENT.

"My dear," said Viva Ferrall, "it's simply a question of management."

"I think it's wonderful," replied her friend. "If you knew the trouble I have with George. Only this morning . . ."

Mrs. Ferrall intercepted the modern instance. "My dear Janet," she said, "you've no system. I've told you . . ."

"Oh! but I have!" cut in Janet. "I always . . ."

"If you'd only let me explain, dear," Viva remonstrated.

"You're so clever at explanations," murmured Janet. "I wish . . ."

"Darling, believe me, that's where you make your great mistake," said Viva. "Never explain to a husband; it's simply fatal."

"Doesn't it depend on who he is? I'm sure George . . ."

On ordinary occasions it was quite a good match, and in this preliminary spar for an opening not more than even money which of the two would rush in and clinch. To-day Janet had no chance. She was conscious that the trophy on her friend's hat was quite six inches higher than her own, and that Viva could stand it; she was conscious of a small hole in her stocking just over the instep, a defect which forbade the usual indolent attitude that suited her style of attack; she was conscious, above all, of recent

defeat by George. Only this morning, as she had wished to explain to Viva, he had evaded her manœuvres by coarse, unfair masculine methods. "I simply haven't got the money, old girl," he had said. "I'm sorry, but it can't be done." And this after all the subtlety of her approach. It was so disheartening.

Viva, on the other hand, was on the top of her form. She had that new hat, and irreproachable stockings; and she came in from the outer world flushed with victory. It was altogether obvious that her blood was hot with recent triumph.

"I was going to tell you, dear," said Viva, ignoring all reference to the unexampled idiosyncrasies of George.

"Oh, yes, dear, *do*," pleaded Janet, keeping her left instep well in the background.

"You know ever since we were married, three years ago," began Viva—she had her opponent's head in chancery now, and meanly took advantage of it by thus recounting ancient history—"the only serious difficulty between Cuthbert and me has been about my people."

Janet nodded wearily, but Viva was remorseless.

"He has been so unreasonable about having mother and the girls and Freddie to stay with us. You know what Cuthbert is, quite a dear in most

ways, but fidgety about little things. Freddie, particularly, used to irritate him. Freddie's a love, of course, but mischievous; it's only natural at fifteen; and I've told Cuthbert, quietly, several times, that if he once lets little things get on his nerves, he'll be absolutely unbearable as he grows older. One simply can't afford to be silly about things like that, or it becomes a habit, and goes on getting worse and worse until at last you become a nuisance to yourself and everybody else. . . .

"Well! I've been frightfully patient with Cuthbert about this, because I saw from the beginning that it was really important. It was the sort of thing that meant one or other of us had got to give way about, finally, you know (you've got a weeny hole in your stocking, dear, the left one. I told you it didn't pay not to give a fair price; silk stockings simply won't mend so that you can wear them), and I meant right from the beginning to have my own way about it. And I was frightfully, oh! really frightfully diplomatic. At first Cuthbert and I had rows, and he slammed the door, of course, and I saw that *that* didn't pay. But after the two girls came up for a month last June, we had it all out quietly. Cuthbert, poor dear, was really pathetic about it. He said he wasn't quite like other husbands, because all his work was done at home, and that when he was upset he couldn't write, and that so our income depended entirely upon his *not* being upset. And, oh! he said he was sorry, but wouldn't I try to understand.

"Well! I let him think that I did, but I saw that the only thing to do was to cure him. I began quite gently. When mother came in August I only let her stay five days, and I kept her out of Cuthbert's way all I could, and was frightfully tired at the end of it, and said I hoped that she

would not come again for a long, long time. And we only had the girls for ten days in November, and Freddie for a week at Christmas, and then mother for another few days in January with one of the girls. And always, while any of them were with us, I kept them pretty much out of Cuthbert's way and took most of the trouble, but gradually—oh! my dear, you can't think how gradually I did it—I've been getting Cuthbert used to them, do you see? Just a little, little bit at a time. I've always agreed with him when he has said anything about them, and he's much too much of a dear, of course, to say much, and I'm, well, really I may say I'm weaning him."

"You're sure he's getting used to them?" asked Janet, wondering whether these methods would pay with George.

Viva smiled triumphantly. "My dear, he's taken the two girls to a *matinée* this afternoon, and he took Freddie to the Tower this morning, and I'm not sure that I shan't ask him to look after mother to-night while we . . ."

"Are they *all* up now, then?" put in Janet.

"Well, not exactly," returned Viva quickly. "But it just happens that they overlap. The girls are just going, and mother's just come, and Freddie's spending the Easter holidays with us."

"And Cuthbert really doesn't mind?"

Viva overlooked the slur on her family's attractiveness implied by Janet's tone.

"You had better try just to draw it together, dear," she remarked, with a glance at her friend's instep. "No, not a bit. Really, I believe, not a bit. You see, what was the matter with him was nothing more than prejudice. He had got it into his silly old head

that the girls and Freddie would get on his nerves; and so they did at first, just because he expected them to. And if I had been silly, and tried to force them on him, he would have got worse, but just by pretending that I understood him, and by sympathizing with him, I've made him see how silly he was. When I asked him about having Freddie for the holidays, he only smiled. He wasn't a bit cross and silly, as he would have been a year ago. It's management, my dear, and if you'll take my advice you'll treat George in the same way. Men are as blind as bats; they haven't the least idea we're managing them all the time."

"I don't believe George . . ." began Janet.

"Oh! yes, he would, dear," said Viva. "I *must* go. As I was trying to tell you, just now, the girls and Freddie and I are going to a theatre to-night, and I shall get Cuthbert to stay in and amuse mother. They play patience together. Really, he's getting quite *devoted* to mother. . . ."

"I wonder," thought Janet, "whether George . . ."

For a day or two she continued to wonder, attempting by way of practice the simple beginnings of the treatment, the small arts of sympathetic understanding, of sweet reasonableness.

George thought his candor had been a successful stroke of policy. "After all, women were sensible enough if you were straight with them," was

The Westminster Gazette.

George's simple deduction. "All this about women being so confoundingly deep and clever was all bosh."

Janet began to think that this management idea was a good one. Men were so stupid. She rather wished Viva would look in again, she had not been round for nearly a week. Perhaps, now Cuthbert had proved so amenable, "the girls" were staying on. . . .

Janet was a little uncertain how to apply the method to her own case. The first part was easy enough, but how was she to "wean" George to the idea of increasing her dress-money?

And still Viva did not come.

Janet wrote and received no answer. Then she made a pilgrimage to West Kensington and found the house shut up.

"How odd!" she thought. "But perhaps they've all gone to live together somewhere now. How clever of Viva! But how funny of her not to write!"

It was nearly five weeks later when Janet heard that the Ferralls had, indeed, all gone to live together. . . . All, that is, except Cuthbert, who had run away with his secretary, an orphan without any relations.

"How terrible for Viva," thought Janet, "and just when she had taught him to be reasonable."

She had no doubt, however, that her new method of management would be a great success with George.

Men were so stupid.

J. D. Beresford.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Under the title "Tis Sixty Years Since," the Macmillan Company publishes an address delivered by Charles Francis Adams last January on Founder's Day, at the University of

South Carolina. The sixty years which Mr. Adams undertook briefly to review on this interesting occasion were those intervening between his own entrance upon college life at Har-

ward, and the date on which he spoke, It was a large subject to attempt to compress within so narrow a compass; but the address is broad, stimulating and suggestive, in a rare degree.

"Prue's Jolly Winter" by Amy Brooks, (Lothrop Lee & Shepard Co.) is the sixth in the series of "Prue Books." The tricky little damsel who runs across the "jacket" and perches on the wall in the frontispiece, is pleasantly familiar to a host of young readers who will follow her with delight in her jolly winter experiences.

Dr. Lyman Abbott's "Letters to Unknown Friends" is exactly what it purports to be, a series of letters written to persons unknown who had asked questions or sought guidance in practical perplexities in letters to the author, as editor of "The Outlook." Some of the questions asked were theological, some religious, and some moral: and all of them were such as are in many people's minds today. Dr. Abbott, doubtless, would be the last to imagine that his answers were infallible, but they are well-considered and they are sincere. Few readers can turn the pages of the little book without coming upon some question which has perplexed them; and, if Dr. Abbott's answers are not always conclusive, they are, at least suggestive and provocative of thought. Double-day, Page & Co.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol seems almost as unwilling to lay aside his "The Amateur Gentleman," as his readers will find themselves when once they have begun it, and he prolongs it for 625 pages, tempting the most conscientious to turn to the last leaf, to ascertain once for all, whether or not happiness waited upon the hero's love, in spite of her coquetry and his own stubbornness. The two lived in the days of the

Regent, that age which seems splendid or squalid according to one's angle of vision, but never seems dull. How could dullness exist, when the determination to be gay was the uppermost thought in everybody's mind? Prince Arthur's acquaintances, the young gentlemen who would be as sad as night only for wantonness, were as dead as Prince Arthur himself, and the reigning Prince, poor Perdita's Florizel, was intolerant of tears. As Mr. Farnol's hero repeatedly discovered, the First Gentleman in Europe and his loyal imitators could gamble and gormandize and cheerfully wait for their actual sovereign to lay down his broken and darkened life and never miss an unfortunate former companion. Mr. Farnol treats the period as scornfully as Thackeray, but instead of sermonizing, he dramatizes, and puts upon his stage a youth capable of holding his own on the turf or in the ring, and of carrying off his beloved and saving his friend's honor in spite of court and town, dandies, marquises, thieves, and assassins. Moreover, he can, upon occasion, choose "the harder way," a path, as Mr. Farnol gracefully sets forth in dedicating the book to his father, to be trodden only by the foot of a man. Barnabas Barby is more than worthy of the place of hero in spite of his occasional follies. Women are comparatively inconspicuous in the story, although there are two for whom men are willing to die. A gallant horse plays a far more important part, and his achievements awaken the author's greatest enthusiasm, although he is by no means remiss in describing the beauties and graces of his ladies fair, young or old. His aged but still coquettish Duchess might well have stepped from one of Henry Kingsley's stories. One must take time to become completely acquainted with "The Amateur Gentleman," but he is worth it. Little, Brown and Company.

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